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By the men . . . for the men in the service

LEDO-BURMA ROAD

The Low-Down on the GI Racketeers in Paris

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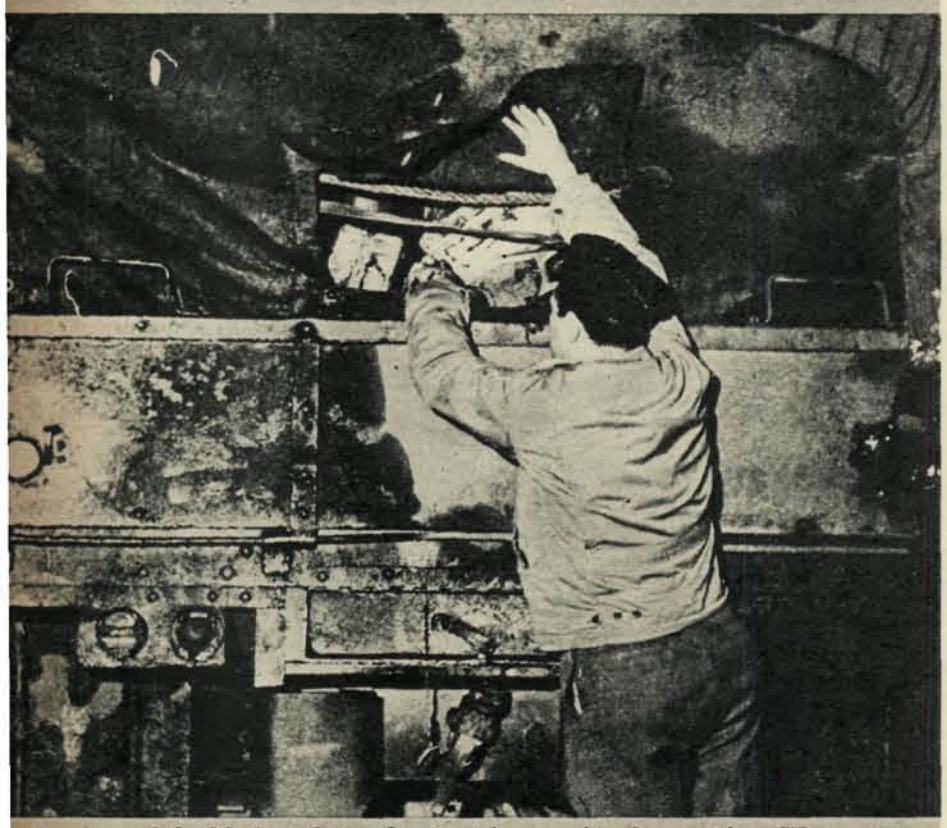
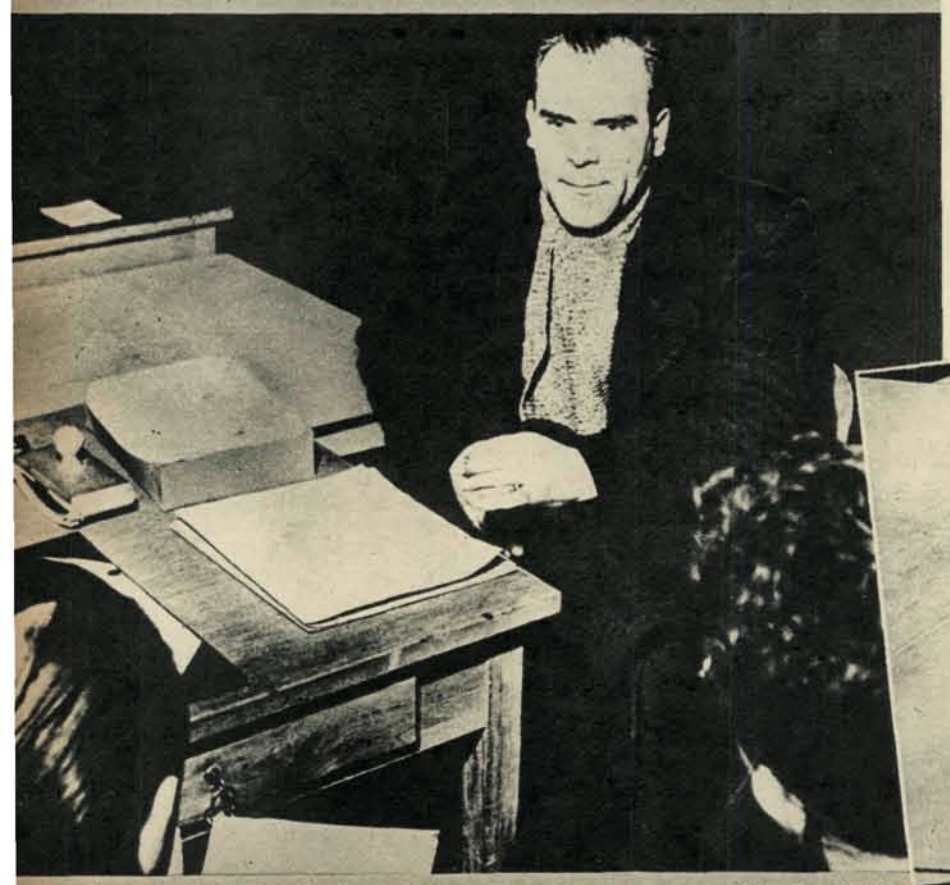
During the general courts-martial for AWOLs and deserters accused of dealing in the black market, an officer reads the verdict against 182 GIs and two officers.



Exposure of the black-market racket in stolen gasoline began when CID agents caught gang members unloading cans of gas from an Army truck like this one.



"Monsieur Jean," a French ex-convict, was one of the contacts used by the AWOL gangsters. He is shown while he was being questioned by the Paris police.

By Sgt. ALLAN B. ECKER, YANK Staff Correspondent

PARIS, FRANCE—There weren't many people in the cheap little cafe—just a couple of soldiers, a few civilians and three or four blowzy girls looking for business. When two more characters, nondescript civilians who might have been Frenchmen, walked in nobody paid them much attention—until one started speaking English with a Boston accent.

A young fellow in civilian clothes who had been standing at the bar with a blonde looked at them nervously and hurriedly left the blonde, the bar and the cafe.

The two newcomers hightailed it after him. Outside the cafe the young fellow in civilian clothes started to run. The others, close behind, chased him into a blind alley a few blocks away. He turned and drew a gun. But he was too slow. His pursuers knocked the gun from his hand and took him prisoner.

This "civilian" was an AWOL who belonged to one of the GI gasoline gangs that centered in the Montmarte district of Paris, selling stolen U. S. gasoline in the black market. These gangs were organized with the same sweet, ruthless efficiency that marked the Capone mob of Chicago in the 1920s. Gang members included AWOL GIs and riffraff of the Paris underworld. There were gang rivalries and gang wars and killings of insubordinate gangsters by gang leaders. The gangsters usually had big money. They had hide-aways and the traditional gun molls that make such hide-aways a pleasure. They were big, illegal business.

The two characters who spotted this gangster were agents of the Army's Criminal Investigation Division (CID), assigned to break up the gasoline racket. They were watching the suspected cafe when the AWOL tipped his mitt by his reaction to their American conversation.

Meanwhile, across the street from the cafe, several other CID agents watching a garage caught the rest of the same gang unloading hot U. S. gasoline from an Army truck and selling the telltale red-dyed stuff to the French proprietors of the garage.

This gang of AWOLs, working the Paris gasoline racket on a large scale, was one of the most successful and best organized GI racketeering rings in the ETO. The take in the three months of the gang's operation was high, averaging around a million francs, or $20,000, for each man.

There were eight or nine AWOLs in the gang, all under 25. A staff sergeant was boss, assigning the members to regular work schedules that would have done credit to a commercial trucking company—days on and off, pick-ups, deliveries.

The gang operated five trucks and three jeeps, all belonging to the U. S. Army. Some of these vehicles had been stolen on Paris streets. Others had been acquired more simply; when the GIs went AWOL from their outfits they had taken their trucks with them.

To get gasoline for sale in the black market the gang used two methods that were typical of GI gang operations. Gang members would drive around in their jeeps looking for parked vehicles with extra cans of gas in them. When they found one, they would steal the gas. Occasionally they stole tires and tools if it didn't involve too much trouble.

The other system of obtaining gasoline took more finesse, but it paid bigger dividends. It involved going to an Army POL (petrol-oil-lubrication) dump and getting a load of gasoline by fraud. There were several ways of doing this.

The earliest, and simplest, way was to drive your truck up to a dump and tell the GI attendant: "My CO sent me down here to get gas." Back in the fall of 1944 so many outfits were moving forward, and the emphasis was so much on speed, that gas dumps serviced any and every GI truck. There was no time to check whether a driver was telling the truth, and no adequate system of requisitioning had been set up.

To get gas at other dumps all you needed was a container. The fuel was regarded as expendable, and as long as you turned in an empty jerrican, the dump would give you a full one. For 250 empty jerricans you could get that many full ones.

One gang was in cahoots with a GI at a POL dump, who provided gas without requisition forms of any kind in exchange for a rake-off on the take. But this was not the ordinary practice.

Another system was to make out a field message—using a book of stolen field-message forms or a plain piece of paper signed by a non-

U. S. officials found this loot on one GI, who is said to have pulled it in by selling ration cards and gas. It included 40,000 francs plus a small pistol.

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existent officer—requesting a certain quantity of gas for a nonexistent unit. There was nothing elaborate about these forms. They read simply: "I certify that Truck No. XYZ is authorized to take 265 cans of gasoline necessary for functioning of this unit.—J. Doe, Capt., Inf., Comdg."

As the requisition forms became more complicated, the phony paper work became heavier. Some gangs had typewriters. One GI racketeer hired two French civilian stenographers to fill out requisitions and operate a mimeograph machine.

But for the most part the gangs succeeded not because of perfect organization but because it was easy to acquire and dispose of the gasoline. As one convicted racketeer put it, "Any damn fool could make a fortune without even trying."

How did this get-rich-quick system develop and who was responsible for it? The answer goes back to the early days of the war, when the U. S. was still a nonbelligerent.

There was a black market in France long before any GIs reached here. When the war cut off French imports, all the commodities that had formerly come from overseas—among them soap, gas, coffee and tea—became scarce. Because the demand remained fixed while the supply dwindled, the prices for these articles skyrocketed.

The German occupation made matters worse. Under the terms of the Armistice, the French Government had to pay the Germans 500,000,000

They had hide-aways and girls that made such hide-aways a pleasure.

GI RACKETEERS IN THE PARIS

AWOLs organized Chicago-style gangs with hide-outs, fences, gun molls and all the trimmings of a third-rate blood-and-thunder detective story.

francs a day. The Germans used this money to buy goods from the French. When this vast sum of money, together with the paper money which the Germans printed, was put into circulation, it boosted prices until almost everything was beyond reach of most French pocketbooks.

Another Armistice clause forbade Germans to make direct market transactions with the French producers. All dealings were supposed to be carried out at fixed prices through an official agency. The Germans hired French underworld characters to buy from the French farmers all the food and other articles Germany had lacked for so long. These black-market purchases were hauled to Germany in *Wehrmacht* trucks. French farmers who seemed reluctant to sell to the black-market operators were warned that the Germans could make things tough for them.

By the time the Germans retreated from France, the French economy was completely out of kilter. The American landing operations, and the bombings and bombardments that preceded and accompanied them, destroyed the railroads and the bridges by which many products had moved from Normandy farms to city markets. At the same time, the Germans were taking thousands of trucks with them in retreat. This shortage of transportation created artificial shortages in eggs, meat, butter, milk and vegetables. There were plenty of these products in Normandy but no way to get them to the city market. Food prices went still higher, and thousands of people went hungry because they could not afford to buy in the black market. Gasoline and trucks suddenly became worth small fortunes. Everybody whose business depended on transportation was a pauper without them and a millionaire with them. Food and cigarettes FOB Paris also ran high.

Into this situation stepped the American GI. The liberated Parisians greeted him with an emotional demonstration of overwhelming proportions. Everybody in the capital showered

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kisses, hugs and cognac on the Yank, who gave them back kisses, hugs, candy, coffee and cigarettes from his rations. The doughs stood at the Eiffel Tower or at the Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde and just gave the stuff away.

The flush of liberation soon cooled, but the Parisian demand for Army supplies was as hot as ever. Some GIs still gave their rations away out of the goodness of their hearts, but others with sharper instincts decided to do business with the French people. And the French people were begging for a chance to pay for GI rations.

THE profits were so big and so easy to make that some soldiers decided to sell more than merely their own rations. In fact, some gave up soldiering for the marketing business, which had more dough and a lot less chicken to it.

They went AWOL from their units, which were mostly moving on beyond Paris, and stayed behind where the market and the money were. They moved into the upper brackets and became racketeers. Some of these men had minor criminal records in civilian life. When the opportunity for profitable crime came into their Army life they seized it. The biggest profits were in gasoline and trucking rather than rations, so most GI gangsters switched to these rackets.

The French underworld was quick to make friends with them. In bars, cafes, hotels and houses of prostitution in the Montmartre and Montparnasse areas, the French gangsters made deals with the AWOLs. The GIs agreed to sell gasoline and other commodities wholesale to the fences, and they in turn would find retail outlets.

The first AWOLs were gradually joined by others. Some of the new recruits came from the Red Ball Highway, the trucking route then in operation from Cherbourg forward. They brought with them truckloads of gas that found a ready market. The others were doughs temporarily AWOL from the front, who came back to Paris looking for a brief fling at the bright lights, liquor and women, and found things so pleasant they forgot about going back to their outfits.

Life in Paris was expensive. Champagne cost 500 or 600 francs a bottle, cognac cost 80 francs a drink, and women came expensive too. At the fixed legal exchange rate of 50 francs to a dollar it was easy to shoot in one evening all the jack you'd brought with you.

By the cafe grapevine, broke AWOLs soon heard about easy money in the black market. Stealing trucks and gas took men, and there was plenty of money for everybody, so the older hands were more than ready to have new AWOLs join forces with them.

From such casual and haphazard beginnings some of the gangs became highly organized outfits. Generally there was one man who was the "brains." Occasionally he had previous experience in the States. Men who had some speaking knowledge of French acted as gang contacts with the French operators. At least one member of the gang was usually AWOL from a trucking outfit, and sometimes he could induce other members of his old outfit to go AWOL with their trucks and join his gang.

During working hours, most of the men wore GI uniforms to avoid suspicion while they were driving Army trucks or handling Army gasoline. "Off duty," however, they generally wore civilian clothes borrowed from some girl's bedroom closet or bought in the French black market. One AWOL paid 17,000 and 20,000 francs—$340 and $400—apiece for two suits.

In almost every gang there was the French equivalent of the U. S. gun moll—sometimes one and sometimes several of them. The girls helped spend the money and came in handy, of course, for other uses, but their principal value was to assist the contact men in lining up deals.

Usually the boss controlled his gang by brainpower, but sometimes he had to use brute force. In one gang, when a member started asking embarrassing questions, the boss shot him.

Gang organization reached its highest level of perfection in the so-called Vincennes gang, directed by an AWOL medic with a powerful imagination. Posing as an MP lieutenant, he rounded up some AWOLs in a Montmartre bar and told them that they faced death by hanging for desertion. Then he relented. They looked like pretty good boys, he said, and if they did him a favor he'd be willing to let them go. The favor was to drive his trucks and join his "outfit." Thoroughly scared, they agreed.

Little by little this boss added to his T/O until he had from 60 to 70 men and from 20 to 30 trucks. The outfit was conducted along strictly military lines with reveille, special orders, promotions, passes to town and duty rosters. It had everything, in fact, except Good Conduct Medals and rotation. The men lived in a warehouse for four months without the real MPs or the neighboring French civilians ever dreaming that the gang was anything but a legitimate military unit.

There were instances where the brains of a black-market scheme improved on the original.

One lone-wolf operator, who concentrated on the false-requisition racket (he counterfeited ration cards as a sideline), didn't want to be bothered managing a gang in the ordinary way. He set himself up in a swank office in the Paris business district with two stenographers, and hired AWOLs to run gas for him on a flat rate basis in their own stolen trucks. This cut down his administrative headaches.

"Off duty," they generally preferred civilian clothes.

A tech sergeant in charge of his unit's transportation drew supplies of gas from two separate dumps, getting enough at each dump to supply his outfit's entire needs. Through his gang he got rid of one dump's supply each week on the black market while he kept his unit perfectly happy on the other dump's supply. Two captains in his outfit authorized him to use the unit's trucks for the gasoline racket while they received part of the proceeds.

THE trouble with money gained in a black-market economy is that there's nothing much you can do with the money once you've got it.

There are almost no goods to buy. It's the very shortage of things in the first place that makes the black market tick. The boss of one AWOL gang bought a 90,000-franc automobile and a 45,000-franc motorcycle, but these are hard to get and even when you've bought one you still have wads of francs left over.

You can't send money home. Some operators tried and were caught. For example, a sergeant with a double-requisition racket, who dealt in cognac on the side, made the error of buying eight $1,000 War Bonds and $2,500 in postal money orders. This naturally aroused the curiosity of the Army postal and finance authorities. He was discovered and apprehended despite a prepared story, vouched for by French civilians, that he had won the money at the horse races.

Since there was nothing else to do with their money, AWOL gangsters spent it. They spent it so lavishly that they attracted attention. Some of the people who discovered their racket demanded —and got—hush money. Others, for one reason or another, reported them to American authorities. In some cases, the Army's CID operators spotted the heavy spending AWOLs directly.

When French people put the finger on the AWOLs they had a variety of motives. Frenchmen who had been ditched by their women in favor of richer American AWOLs figured that turning the Yanks in was an easy way to eliminate competition. In some cases, women just grew tired of the GIs and wanted to get rid of them. Some of the French people counted on a reward from the American authorities. Still others were motivated by patriotism; they felt the black market was bad for their country.

Some of the AWOL gangsters were discovered by chance, though sooner or later they would have been spotted anyway. The GI who hired an office and two secretaries forgot to pay a printing bill. The printer complained to the police. The boss of the Vincennes gang, who posed as a lieutenant, borrowed a set of officers' Class A's so he could attend a fancy party. He neglected to return the uniform, and the rightful owner had him arrested for this petty theft, which exposed his four months of larceny. The AWOL motorcyclist, whose job it was to ride around informing the other gang members about their next jobs, was treated by an Army medic after a traffic accident. Filling out the papers, the doctor discovered the cyclist was AWOL. Further questioning made the GI spill the beans.

But perhaps the largest number of GI racketeers were apprehended by CID agents who watched the cafes and garages suspected of being black-market headquarters, or who got on the trail of GIs sending home excessive sums through the postal money-order system. Other gangsters were caught in Paris AWOL round-ups.

Another gang which grossed $180,000, probably the largest income of any single operation, was led by a couple of young desperadoes who didn't know when they were licked. One of them had a little spending money—52,475 francs, or $1,049.50—in his pocket when he was captured, but it was confiscated. When he broke out of jail a short time later, he needed some ready cash. He and his partner, who also escaped, headed straight for the garage where they had disposed of most of their gasoline and held up their former associates to the tune of $60,000. Before they were recaptured they managed to do some more business. Then they got into a crap game and one of them lost $1,500 to the other.

AMONG the most publicized black-market operations in France were the railway battalion thefts of cigarettes and rations, which brought more than 180 officers and enlisted men into court. These men represented only a part of one railway battalion. The battalion as a whole—like the other railway outfits on the Continent—accomplished an important military mission which was perhaps obscured by this bad publicity. The acute shortage of butts, both on the Western Front and in the States, made these thefts front-page newspaper stories although the gasoline thefts were really more serious.

In September, October and November, when the railway thefts were committed, GIs at the front and in Paris were talking about the great cigarette mystery. Back in the States the people were told that they had to go without cigarettes because the men at the front were getting them, but up at the front and in the rear echelon in France the shortage was so acute that official cigarette rations were curtailed or suspended altogether. Of the 83 billion cigarettes ordered by the Army and the Navy in 1944, 77,000,000 packs a month were slated for European distribution, but, according to PX authorities, only 11,000,000 packs—one in seven—reached their destination during one 30-day period.

Yet at the same time, in French bars, cafes,

One lone operator set himself up in a swank office.

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hotels and other public places, plenty of civilians were smoking popular-brand American cigarettes. In Paris you could buy—for $2 a pack—U. S. cigarettes intended for PX sale at five cents a pack. The whole cigarette situation became the subject of gags on the French stage and a general topic of conversation in all levels of society.

While large numbers of GIs took part in the railway pilfering, it was never organized on a big-time gang basis like the gasoline racket. And the railway men didn't go AWOL. Unlike the gasoline racketeers who quit soldiering completely, they stayed on the job of running trains to the front and did their stealing on the side.

THE exposure of the railway thefts was mainly the work of two CID agents, Lt. Robert P. O'Reilly of Arlington, Mass., a former Holy Cross football player and Boston lawyer, and James Cozzati of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., former boxer and New York State trooper. O'Reilly used to be a sergeant in the 44th Troop Carrier Group which dropped the 101st Airborne Division into Carentan on D-Day.

Following a plan of strategy worked out by Lt. Col. James Elder of Chicago, Ill., the head of the CID, O'Reilly and Cozzati were assigned to one of the railway battalions as undercover agents, posing as GI firemen on trains making the run from Dreux to Paris. From their eyewitness testimony and that of the accused men, the courts-martial trying the railway cases obtained a picture of the techniques most commonly used in railway stealing.

Most of the men arrested belonged to C Company—the operating company which runs the trains—of one railway battalion. The C Company men had greater access to rations and supplies being hauled than anybody in the rest of the battalion. And of all the railway battalions, theirs—which ran from Dreux to Paris—had the greatest access to the Paris black market. This combination made them the focus of the Army's attention in the concerted effort to stop the theft of Government supplies. Members of C Company of this battalion stoutly maintained, however, that "some people may think our outfit is the only one involved, but up and down the line other battalions are doing the same thing."

About an hour after their outfit landed in France on August 26, the men in C Company helped themselves to boned turkey and 10-in-1s at the ration dump because no other provision for their eating had been made. Three days later they entrained for Dreux, which was to be their headquarters. En route they supplemented their issued K-rations with 10-in-1s and cigarettes taken from trains on the sidings.

From Dreux, the trains began to operate to Paris. The trip is only 60 miles each way, but at that time it took nine days for a round trip. There were no lanterns, no headlights, no fuses (red danger flares), no torpedoes (safety devices) and sometimes no tracks. The crews were running over roads that had not been used since the Germans left. They hauled successfully bombs, ammo, gas, pontons, engineering and signal equipment and rations. On those first runs the men did not have food issued to them, so they helped themselves again from the loads they were carrying. According to the testimony at the trials, when one of the men asked the battalion commander what would be done about food, the major replied, in effect, "You're carrying stuff; it's your own fault if you go hungry."

Later on organized messes were established and the men were regularly supplied with personal rations before starting trips, but by that time the habit of opening the rations was too strong to break. It developed into a business so successful that some men began referring to their outfit as the "million-dollar battalion."

Unlike the gasoline thefts, the railway-ration pilfering required no elaborate system of gangs or organized fences. Rations and cigarettes were easy to carry away from the trains in barracks bags and easy to sell without lining up buyers ahead of time.

There were half a dozen different ways in which the crews obtained their barracks-bag loads. Because of the blackout the trains ran without lights, relying on manual signals and a safety-block system to prevent collisions. The simplest looting technique was to break into a train when several were held up at the block for a couple of hours, waiting for signals. The conductor of each train carried a waybill describing the contents of the individual cars, so that it was no trick at all to know which cars carried

They held up their former associates for $60,000.

the "sensitive items" and which carried heavy stuff that couldn't be pilfered or sold easily.

More planning went into the siding of the car for looting purposes. Siding means removing the car from the train and putting it on a sidetrack, where it could be pilfered at leisure (generally by night) by the crew of the train and any others in the know.

MPs were detailed to ride the trains not long after the lines went into operation. Their customary place was in the caboose at the whip end of the train. The engineers would stop the train on a bend so that the cars at the head of the train could not be watched by the MPs. Then the crews would loot the head-end cars.

At Veilliers, the watering station between Dreux and Paris where the engine and tender were supposed to uncouple and turn in for servicing, the crews uncoupled not only the engine and tender but as many cars as contained "sensitive items." They took these cars into the station for looting, leaving the rest of the train—and the MPs—5,000 yards or more outside the station. Sometimes six railroad men would generously don helmet liners and carbines and relieve the MPs. When the MPs had gone, their substitutes would join the crew in the looting.

Meat, coffee, cigarettes, canned goods and alphabetical rations were the principal items taken, but there was also some minor traffic in Army clothing and in blankets and alcohol taken from the westbound hospital trains. The prices varied somewhat, but the standard black-market deal was $500 for a case (50 cartons) of cigarettes; $300 for a 20-pound can of coffee; $300 for a box of 50 D-ration chocolate bars; $100 for a case of 10-in-1 rations, and corresponding prices for other items.

Trains carrying slow freight—jeeps, trucks, signal equipment, heavy weapons, ammo and so on—were never pilfered because these items could not be carried away in barracks bags or readily disposed of, and also because the railway men themselves thought of these items as essential war products. When the prosecutor at the trial suggested that a lot of cigarettes might mean as much to the Infantry doughs as gasoline to the tanks, one of the accused GIs replied, "I had no idea of what I was doing to the morale of the men in the line." That seems to have summed up the attitude of his fellows.

Any Frenchman on the streets and in the cafes around the yards would buy cigarettes or rations. (Most Frenchmen these days would buy a Liberty ship if you could get it to them.) So business was conducted much more casually than in the case of the gas gangs. Early transactions took place in the streets, but when town patrols began to crack down most of the railway men did their business with Frenchmen in cafes, cabarets, restaurants, cheap hotels and houses of prostitution.

THE railway battalion's transactions in the black market came to an abrupt halt on November 26 when Col. Elder directed a simultaneous raid by CID agents and Military Police on the stations to which the battalions ran the trains. Some 400 men were seized on the engines and in the yards, billets and headquarters, together with quite a piece of loot and other evidence, notably large sums of money, money orders and receipts. Questioning proceeded immediately, and the men who didn't appear to be implicated were released, although some were later rearrested when accumulated evidence linked them to the thefts. At the same time, the French police raided and arrested a number of French cafe proprietors who had done business with GIs. Two officers of the railway outfit—six others were arrested later—were picked up in the raid.

Agent Cozzati was on one train as a fireman when it was raided. The conductor, who had left his train as usual and walked into the station for the okay to proceed, was nabbed but released because he had no evidence on his person. He hurried back to his train and warned the rest of his crew, who shoveled their money orders, receipts, 5,000- and 1,000-franc notes and canned goods into the fire. Since a CID man saw them do it they were arrested when the train pulled in.

FROM January until March of this year, general courts-martial in the Seine section (the base area including Paris) have sentenced 59 AWOLs and deserters dealing in the gasoline black market to punishments that range from five years in prison to death by hanging, following trials by Maj. John E. Kieffer of Buffalo, N. Y., the Seine section trial judge advocate, and his staff.

In the same period, other general courts-martial in the Seine section have sentenced 177 enlisted men and three officers of the railway battalions to terms ranging from three to 50 years in prison for dealing in cigarette and rations black markets. These trials were conducted by Lt. Col. Carmon Harris of Oklahoma City, Okla., executive officer of the Seine section and staff judge advocate, acting as special prosecutor for railway cases, and his staff.

The severity of the sentences appeared to shock many Parisians, judging by the letters leading French newspapers received. A group of young girls, for example, wrote: "We would like to find some way of diminishing the rigor of the military laws, though we do not argue against them. We think that we have had, all of us, part of the responsibility for this situation, and that many French persons have been accomplices."

By contrast with the punishment administered to the French fences, the sentences seemed more severe. Because there is no Parliament to revise the laws, the old French laws still stand, and they do not cover black-market operations in time of war. The French are being punished under statutes forbidding the receipt of stolen property, for which penalties are limited. (On January 13, the military governor of Paris threatened penalties ranging from one to five years imprisonment for any French national holding or receiving stolen U. S. goods.)

Reviewing the case of 115 enlisted men convicted in the railway battalion cases, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower took note of their "effective work under difficulties" and their good previous records, and directed they be given a chance to serve suspended sentences in a special combat company. The men were reassigned to a reinforcement center as privates to receive training before being given a chance to redeem themselves at the front. The remaining 39 enlisted men and three officers convicted in the railway cases, who by evidence were shown to be ringleaders, as well as the AWOL gasoline-gangsters, are serving out their sentences.

According to Army authorities, arrest and prosecution of these men has done much to stamp out the major GI black market in the Paris area, both by catching some offenders and deterring other prospective criminals, although no one attempts to deny there is still black marketing.

"The crime picture here is not as bad as it has been painted," Col. Elder says. "There have been only approximately 2,500 major cases involving probably not more than 5,000 soldiers in all—and by major cases are meant crimes of violence, rape, murder, assault with intent to rape, robbery, burglary and misappropriation of Government property. The colorful nature of these crimes and the circumstances under which they took place have given them perhaps undue prominence.

"Undoubtedly the prosecution of these cases has had and will continue to have a deterrent effect on other potential soldier-criminals, while the improved security methods and our familiarity with the techniques of the black-market operation—gained through experience—will make it a lot tougher for GI racketeers to do business in the future."

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V-2 in Antwerp

By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ANTWERP, BELGIUM [Delayed]—A V-bomb had fallen without exploding near a public lavatory and five men lay crushed under heavy porcelain urinals. They were flattened and distorted. One of the victims had the front of his face torn off. It flapped over in two pieces. The medic covered him quickly as if he were taking the precaution to preserve his own sanity.

Then the V-bomb exploded. The black dust rose to the height of the building and hung there. The crowd moved forward with a low murmur. The people were too choked up with shock to scream. There was a strange muffled shuffling sound from their feet as they moved through the powdered glass covering the square like an even fall of snow.

Coming toward them were the ghoulish faces of the victims who could walk, covered from head to foot with the fine plaster dust which had showered down from the shattered buildings. Blood from glass cuts trickled down their cheeks and foreheads, washing off the white dust in thin red rivulets. They were a nightmare delegation from somewhere on the boundary line between life and death.

An emergency first-aid station was set up in the wreckage of a grocery store; a mortuary next door in the butcher's shop. The shapeless and blood-soaked bodies were laid close to the low marble counters and the chopping block. A Belgian Red Cross worker searching for a means of identification bent over each in turn.

Light rescue workers were removing the bodies from the public lavatory. They laid them down like sacks of flour. It was difficult to handle the corpses. Sometimes their chests caved in when they were lifted from underneath. The rescue party worked ruthlessly to reach the people who were buried alive beneath the wreckage.

A Franciscan monk in a corded brown robe and sandals climbed over the wreckage hurrying from one dying victim to another, giving last rites. The monks and the Dominican friars are always among the first to arrive. The crowd moved for them with the same obedient haste with which crowds made way for doctors and stretcher-bearers.

The woman whose leg was blown off, and who lay as if she were dead, raised and crossed herself when the priest came to her. She died a few minutes later.

People were dazed for a long time after the incident. I watched a man picking up sea gulls from the street. He held the dead ones and three that were alive but unable to fly. The street was covered with feathers. The birds were the remains of a large flock which was flying overhead when the bomb exploded. An American soldier wandered over to him, pointed to the birds and inquired, "Eat?" The man shook his head and explained that he was going to put the sea gulls back on the river. Both men were too dazed to know what they were talking about.

After the disaster the people behaved like the bombed in southern England. They made the same impotent but instinctive effort to restore order. Before the smoke had lifted they started sweeping the glass from their section of the pavement and shoveling their ruined possessions out from their front doors and upper-story windows. There was little regard for anyone careless enough to stand below.

Children laughed and played around the vicinity a few hours later. Glaziers started to refit windows with plywood and cardboard. Here, as in southern England, glass is scarce.

EACH bombing in Antwerp seems different. For instance, when a row of luxury shops was hit, the odor of perfume lingered in the street for days. It was a heavy, incongruous, unwanted smell coming from the pyramids of powdered glass swept up in front of each gaping shop front.

Then there was the time a V-bomb fell in the red-light district. It smashed the plate-glass windows in the cafes where the girls worked. The girls, still wearing their fur coats and heavy lipstick, swept out the glass. Some of them were crying, some praying.

Next to the V-bomb itself, the crowd is the most dangerous factor. The urge to survive or save the members of their family is so intense it drives some victims temporarily insane. The worst are those who rush on top of the wreckage and endanger the lives of the people underneath. Quite often a man is alive under a ton of debris, but if his "roof" is disturbed it may be the final, fatal collapse that kills him. Rescue work is a science based on the technique of disturbing the wreckage as little as possible.

American and British GIs are official rescue workers. They're attached to a military organization called the Passive Air Defense. In Antwerp the PAD is an Allied concern with a British staff officer at the head and two American officers, Maj. W. D. Hotz and 1st Lt. Ralph Cook, under him for planning and direction of the Americans' part in the rescue work. They coordinate the services of the Engineers, Chemical Warfare, Fire Service, Medical Corps, Military Police and other brackets of the American Army in restoring or-

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The threat that came out of the skies above the city was blind; it leveled military objectives and homes, and killed aimlessly.

Bodies of Belgian civilians are scattered on the ground where a V-bomb exploded at a crossroads.

der after a V-bomb disaster. The American, British and Belgian medical units are responsible for certain areas, but they pool their services when an incident requires their combined effort.

GIs are assigned to PAD duty in addition to their regular work. GIs in Engineer outfits, who do light and heavy rescue work, attend the British-run PAD schools. Model "victims" are buried alive and pinned down in actual V-bomb debris so the light rescue men can learn how to remove them. Heavy rescue men are taught how to handle the different types of collapse.

The worst disaster the Allied PAD handled was when a V-bomb fell on a packed cinema. It fell in the center, chewing up the inside. There were many deaths. Almost every American outfit in the vicinity had at least one of its members inside. Heavy and light rescue men worked 24-hour shifts for several days. The smell got bad and it was impossible to continue the work until a Chemical Warfare decontamination squad was called to spray the rotting bodies in the debris.

Two squads in the PAD system were supplied for this bombed area by an engineering general service regiment under S/Sgt. Verdono Parrott of Minneapolis, Minn., and Sgt. Rene J. Hebert of Luling, La. They broke up the concrete with air compressors and moved it with bulldozers and cranes. They cut through steel girders with acetylene torches. After they tunneled and removed the wreckage, light rescue squads supplied by a British pioneer outfit could crawl through to carry out the dead and release those who were buried alive.

They dragged out whole families intact. They found that the blast had fused husbands, wives and children together in lifelike positions. One soldier who walked in the cinema two days after it had been hit said that for a moment he thought he was in a wax museum. Looking down at him from the balcony was the white face of a girl, half smiling, the make-up on her face untouched. Next to her was a row of soldiers looking straight ahead as if they were still absorbed in the movie.

Rescue workers released an American GI who had been buried for some time. When he stumbled out he held two dead children in his arms. A Red Cross worker tried to take them away from him but he refused savagely. He was still suffering from the shock. When he recovered he explained that he had been sitting next to their mother, whose head had been blown off.

Disasters like this often bring instinctive unity. In London, GIs were often the first to volunteer in the rescue work. The same is true in Antwerp. One instance involved a group of medics. A medical composite section consisting of 17 enlisted men and three officers set up a small dispensary to give medical treatment to American personnel. A bomb fell the day after they opened. Contrary to their SOP and without so much as an official call, they went out and brought back more patients than they would ordinarily handle in a month. Most of the casualties were civilians. A little girl whose eye was blown out was their first patient.

That was more than four months ago but ever since they have had to face the atrocity of scattered arms and legs, give emergency sutures, remove glass and give blood plasma and morphine to people who would otherwise die. It's still contrary to their SOP but the other Belgian medical units in town cannot handle the work alone because the Germans took their ambulances and medical supplies.

They lack beds, stretchers, sulpha, morphine, sutures and even fundamental supplies like bandages and iodine here. One Belgian Red Cross unit suffered its final defeat the day I left. A V-bomb blew in its dispensary, spilling the last of its drugs, smashing what little equipment it had and even destroying the canteen and dormitory where the nurses and doctors ate and slept.

In civilian life, Cpl. Andrew Martin, one of the medics in the medical composite section, drove an ambulance for 12 years for Bellevue Hospital, New York City; the bomb incident, he said, reminded him of a day in 1937 when three cars on the Third Avenue "El" derailed and crashed down on the people in the street. He took me in the store room at the back of the dispensary where Cpl. Dave Blummer of Los Angeles was stretched out on a cot with his clothes on, trying to sleep. Martin spoke earnestly, keeping his voice low so as not to disturb him. They had both been working 76 hours in one stretch without sleep the week before.

"Sometimes," Martin said, "the civilian hospitals are too crowded to accept patients and we have to drive around finding other hospitals. Quite often we've driven 12 miles and had patients we could have saved die in the ambulance."

Martin told of some nurses in a Flemish Red Cross unit who had once flagged his ambulance. He stopped to pick them up and found they had no vehicle of their own but had to carry their stretchers from their headquarters to the incident and then carry back their patients, often a distance of eight or ten blocks.

THERE have been housing scandals. One block of apartment houses folded up like an accordian. The explosion revealed second-rate bricks and a minimum of steel structure.

There are front-page articles in the papers in Antwerp criticising responsible leaders in the Belgian Government for not helping the bombed-out. The food situation and the coal shortage during this exceptionally cold winter have made the problems more serious. One paper stated: "Wealthy people have a means of leaving the city and living safely in comfort somewhere else, since they are able to buy food in the black market. The poorer people have to stick to their jobs and their distress is rendered greater by the poor rationing system."

Despite the exodus of the wealthy, there has been no let-down in Antwerp night life. In fact, it seems to keep pace with the bombing. This may be because cinemas and theaters were closed down for a long time, leaving people nowhere to go but night clubs. A lot of people wish the bands wouldn't play so loud that they drown out the sound of the V-bombs.

At first, the reaction of the people in Antwerp to the V-bombs was casual and slightly incredulous. They became more cautious and frightened as their experience developed. However, after three months of terror and bombing they look as stolid as ever and show little expression.

The town is too small for tragedy. London had 10,000,000 people to absorb it. But Antwerp is one-twentieth the size of London and is closer to the launching ramps. You feel exposed and involved with each explosion. Every time one hits, you can see its smoke or judge the place where it hit by the sound. You live under a death sentence tentatively arranged.

The sky is a permanent arsenal.

Some GIs inspect what is left of a V-2 bomb which fell down into Belgium.

Rescue workers dig out victims of a V-bomb explosion in an Antwerp theater.

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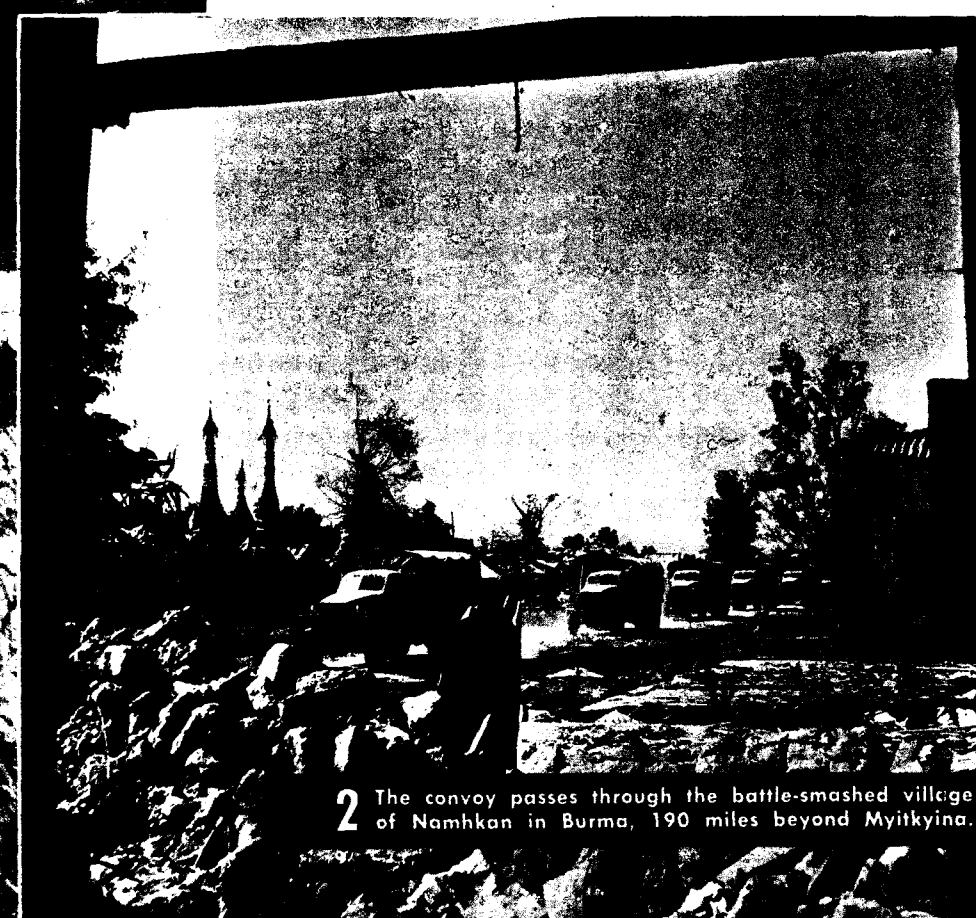
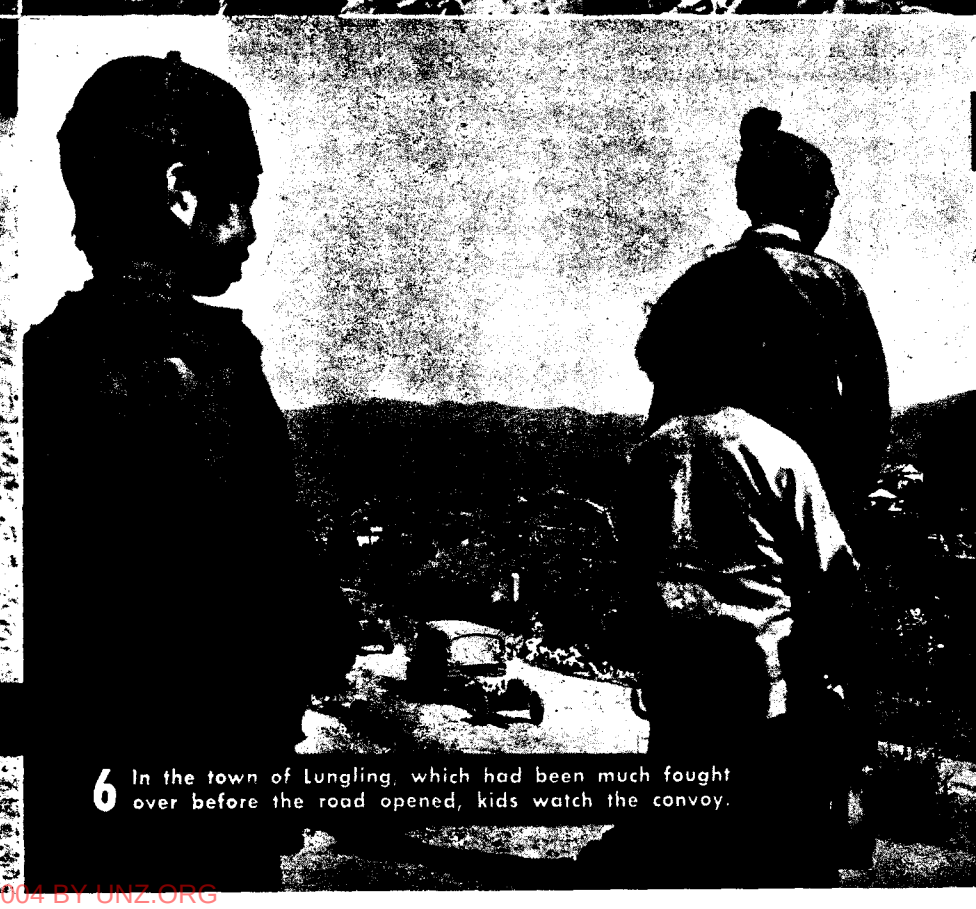
Road to China

YANK's Sgt. Dave Richardson took these pictures when he went along with the first convoy to travel the Ledo-Burma Road, or the "Stilwell Road" as it was dubbed by Chiang Kai-shek. The GIs who drove the trucks the thousand miles from Ledo in India to Kunming in China were opening a new life line for the Chinese armies. Thousands of Chinese, Americans, British and Indians worked and died to build it.



2 The convoy passes through the battle-smashed village of Namhkan in Burma, 190 miles beyond Myitkyina.

5 T Sgt. Alvis Wheat takes his truck's quota of gas for the next day's run as they reach a bivouac area.



6 In the town of Lungling, which had been much fought over before the road opened, kids watch the convoy.

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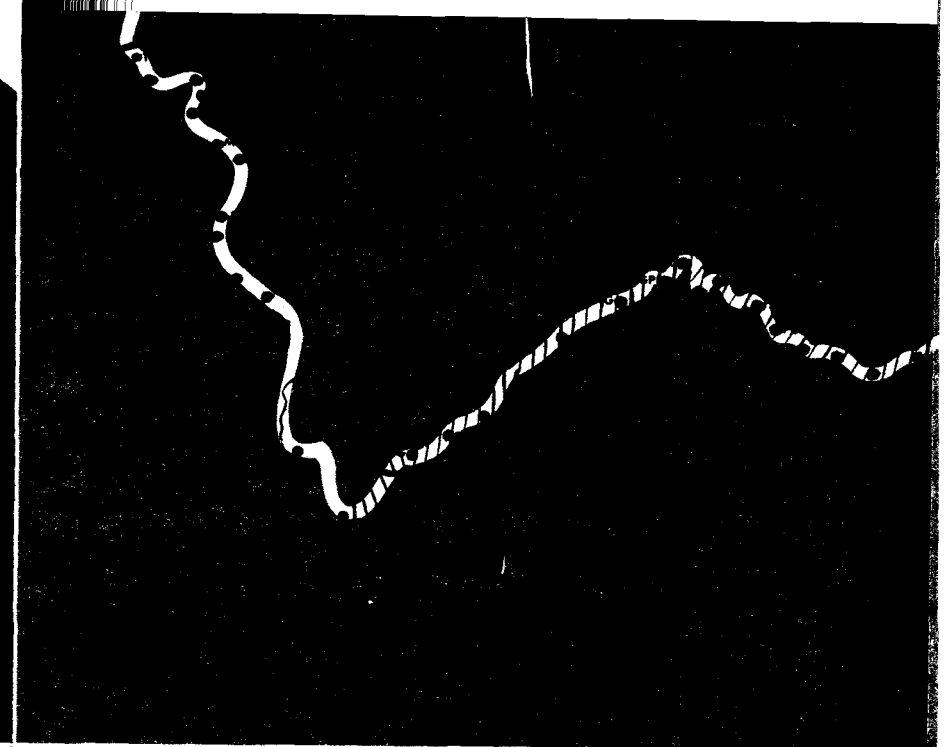
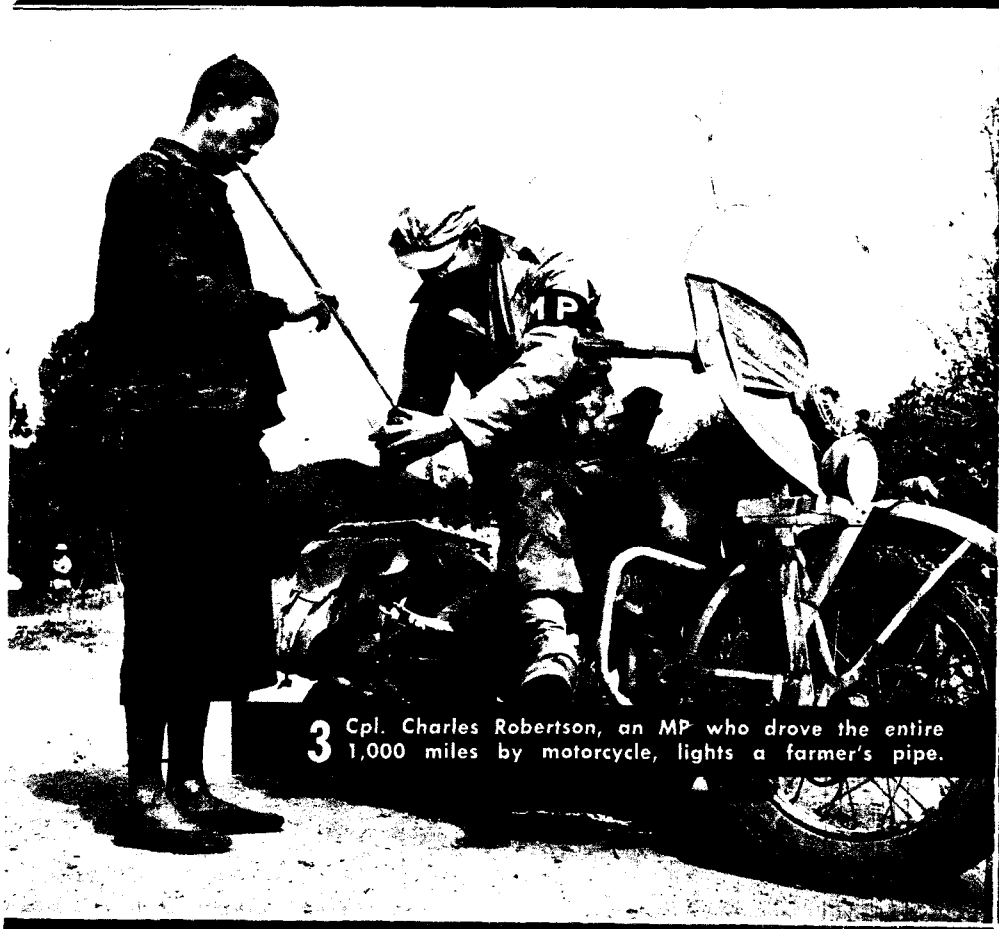
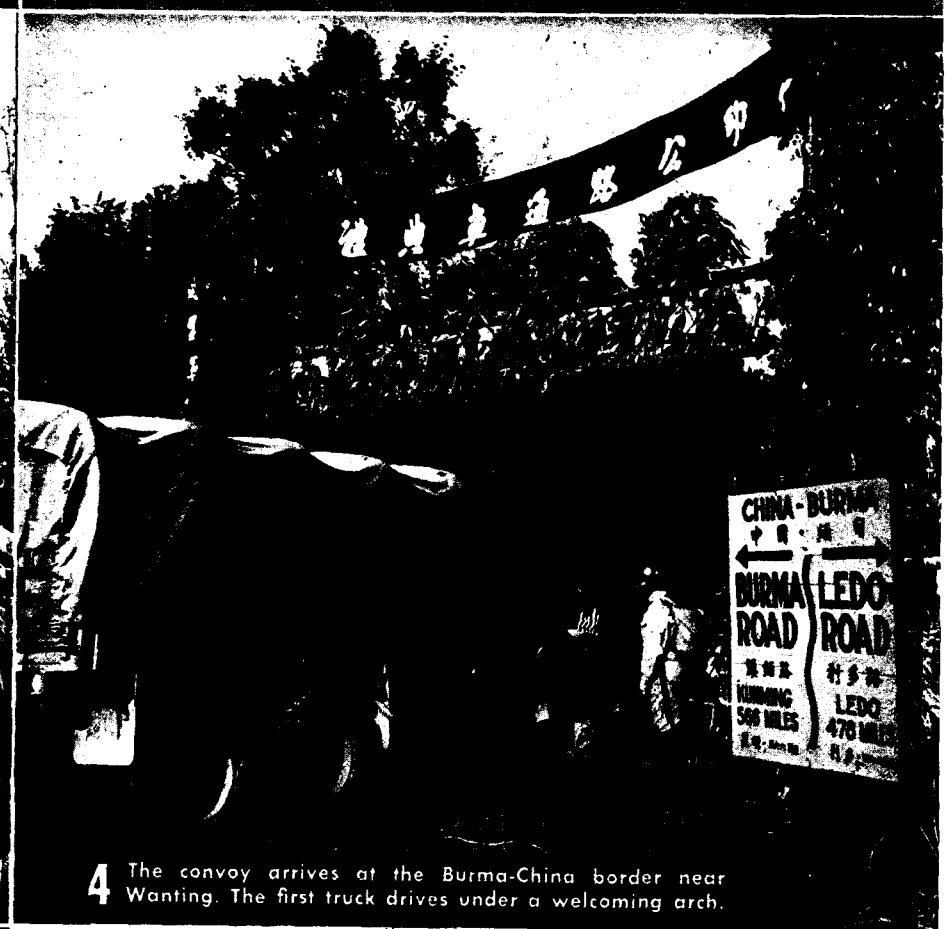
1 Gen. Pick, who directed construction on the Ledo-Burma Road, talks to drivers before they leave Myitkyina.





3 Cpl. Charles Robertson, an MP who drove the entire 1,000 miles by motorcycle, lights a farmer's pipe.



4 The convoy arrives at the Burma-China border near Wanting. The first truck drives under a welcoming arch.

7 A suspension bridge on the Salween River, the lowest place on the Burma Road (2,960 feet above sea level).

8 Beyond the Salween river Chinese vehicles lie where the Chinese abandoned them while retreating in 1942.

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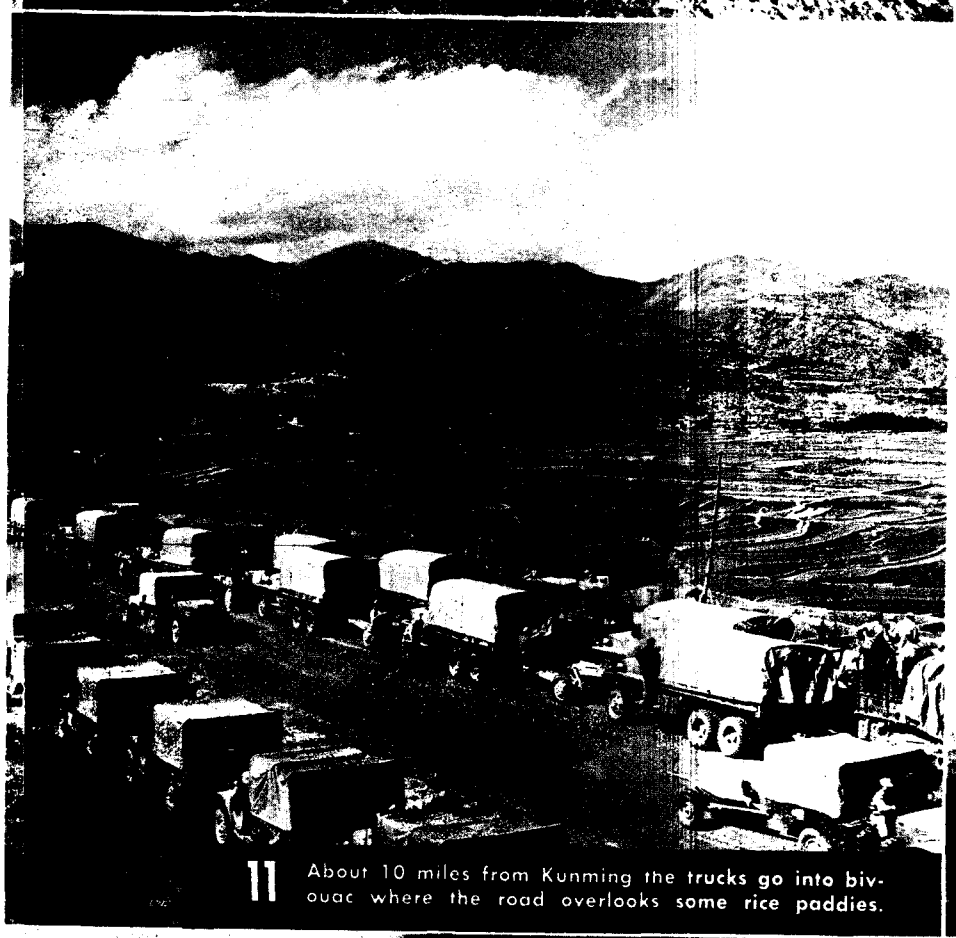
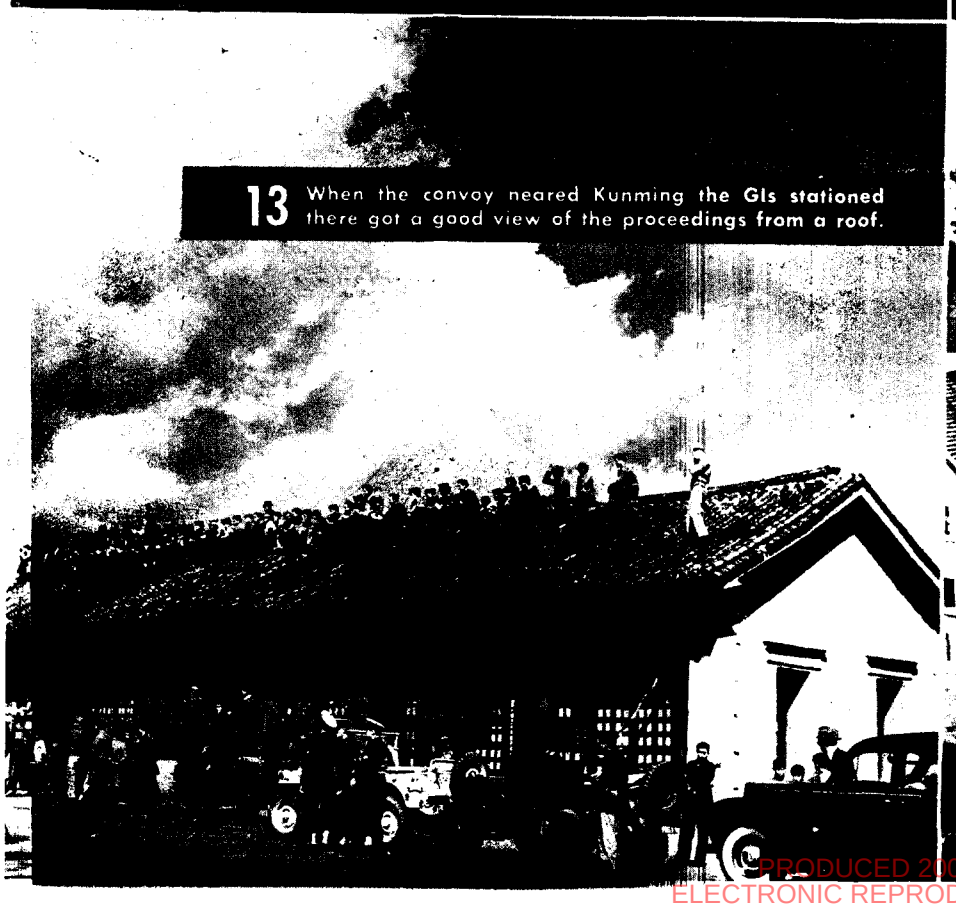
9 Chinese laborers work slowly and patiently to build a stone surface on the road, fitting each rock by hand.

10 In the town of Tu Kwun Tsen the children asked the GI truck drivers to sign their names on an honor roll.



11 About 10 miles from Kunming the trucks go into bivouac where the road overlooks some rice paddies.

12 Three drivers take a break. L. to r.: T-5 Richard Barnett, a Chinese driver, and S/Sgt. Robert Goodman.



13 When the convoy neared Kunming the GIs stationed there got a good view of the proceedings from a roof.

14 Journey's end. Kunming celebrates as the first convoy to drive from India passes slowly through the streets.

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PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

Frankie of La Konga

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Writer

COLUMBIA, S. C.—Frankie Sumner is a waitress in an Army town. She is a nice-looking girl, well stacked, with light brown hair that she wears in a kind of pompadour. She is 20 years old and has been working in cafes around Fort Jackson for the last five years. When the history of this war is written, the hundreds of girls like Frankie will probably never be consulted. This will be a grave mistake. Girls like Frankie know as much about the Army as anyone.

Frankie is currently employed in Columbia at a popular, though respectable, establishment called La Konga, where she serves food and drink to a discriminating soldier clientele. La Konga is not a joint, but it is not the Waldorf-Astoria either. It caters almost exclusively to soldiers, particularly enlisted men from Jackson and the Columbia Army Air Base. Recently it has been getting a few marines from a nearby air field.

Frankie's first job was at the Royal Grill near the post, but she has also worked at the Sunrise Club, Harvey's Cafeteria and behind the fountain at Silver's Five and Ten. Most of these places have a soldier trade and Frankie is a girl. Despite the various crises arising from these two facts, Frankie still likes soldiers.

"They don't mean no harm," she says. "They just lonesome. They come in here and try to drink their troubles away and then wake up in the morning with a headache and the same troubles. They just want to get out of the Army, that's all. They want to go home."

The reasons Frankie likes soldiers are simple enough. She likes people and soldiers are people. This conception differs somewhat from that in other places frequented by GIs, where soldiers are only suckers. Frankie kids customers, tries to cheer them up and is as polite as she can be.

She has a nice smile and isn't coy with it. She doesn't wear much make-up, not even nail polish, and years of hiking between kitchen and table have given her a good pair of legs. On duty she wears low-heeled shoes and a blue uniform. All the girls wear the same uniform, for which they pay $4.69. Frankie sometimes wears a sweater over hers. She looks all right in a sweater.

Frankie is an independent girl and has always been able to quit a job when she wanted to. She quit most of her other jobs because she got bored. She feels that work should be interesting. This is a feeling shared by many other people who can't do a hell of a lot about it. Frankie can because there is a demand today for good waitresses.

She has never held any other kind of job, and there is nothing much else she would like to do. But after the war she wants to quit work and live with her mother in Clinton, S. C., and maybe get married. She intends to marry a guy who likes to have a good time, and she wants two kids. She has a boy friend out at the post but says she doesn't love him and there hasn't been any talk of marriage.

Frankie has two sisters, Frances and Ruby, with whom she lives in a rented house on the edge of town. Both sisters are married to servicemen. Frankie and Ruby have always worked together. Frances has been working at La Konga for the last two and a half years, and she kept trying to get Frankie and Ruby to come there. Finally they came.

FRANKIE likes it at La Konga. She makes $10 a week plus her meals, and tips run her pay up to $35. She works from 2 P.M. to midnight three days a week and from 6 P.M. to midnight on alternate nights. When she doesn't have to go to work until 6, Frankie comes to town and goes shopping or to the movies. She sees a lot of movies and likes detective pictures best. Her favorite stars are Humphrey Bogart and Spencer Tracy. Sometimes she goes roller-skating, or dancing at the Carlton Club, which is about six miles out toward the air base.

The work at La Konga is not hard, although it involves a good deal of walking. Nine girls wait on the tables, while six work behind the bar and fountain. There used to be 20 girls, but fewer soldiers come around now. Each waitress has four tables. Their work is fairly easy because they bring large pitchers of beer to the tables and these take some time to consume. When the girls are not walking around, they sit on the counter stools and rest their feet.

The owner of La Konga is a very fat and reasonably genial man named Larry Picatagio, formerly of Staten Island, N. Y. He bought the place three years ago on the advice of his lawyer, then stationed at Jackson with the 77th Division. At that time it was only an empty store. Larry brought all the furnishings from New York, including those for the men's rooms.

"The La Konga is popular because we never clip the boys," Larry says. "We treat them 100 percent. When they walk in here it is like their own home. I mean they are not allowed to wreck the place, but they are allowed to respect it."

Larry originally intended to call his place the Broadway Bar, but a restaurant across the street opened with that name before he did. He then decided on the present name, figuring that spelling it with a K would not confuse it with the well-known night club in New York City, which spells it with a C.

None of the girls have any kick about the way Larry runs the place. He doesn't get sore if they come in a little late, and they can eat pretty nearly all they want. Most of the girls are married to servicemen and got work as waitresses when their husbands were shipped. They all get letters from men overseas. Frankie used to get six or seven letters a week but found she couldn't answer them all. Now she corresponds only with one man in Belgium, writing him what she calls "sisterly" letters.

While Frankie likes soldiers as a group, she is devoted to the Infantry. Air Force men and marines are not for Frankie. "These Air Corps boys are too cocky," she says. "They think they better than anybody else. I don't think they can even smell the Infantry."

Frankie prefers waiting on enlisted men, the lower the rank the better. "They not as bad as lieutenants," she says. "Lieutenants is just wolves, especially them bums from the Air Corps."

FRANKIE has seen GIs come and go since early draft days and she thinks they've changed. The men who haven't been overseas yet are about like the early draftees, except maybe a little younger, but the returnees, she says, are different. "They got a grudge or something," Frankie says. "They think the world owes them something they didn't get. And they a little hateful. They don't like anybody who ain't been overseas."

Half the men now coming around La Konga are returnees. Frankie thinks most of them want to go back, if they don't have to go back into combat. "Seems like they can't get along in the States," she says. She thinks maybe that's because they're not treated the way they think they should be. The people back home try to understand what they've been through, Frankie says, but they can't really know.

Then, she says, a lot of the returnees seem to get put back into the same permanent-party jobs they were pulling before they went overseas. This makes them mad, since they feel that they've done more than other soldiers and deserve more consideration.

"They nice boys," Frankie says. "Only they get a couple of drinks and they want to fight everybody."

Frankie often wonders what has happened to the soldiers she's known. Her sister Ruby follows the divisions that were at Jackson, reading the newspapers carefully to find out where they are, but Frankie doesn't follow them that closely. She doesn't read much, not even the newspapers. She wonders about the boys, though, and sometimes she will see a casualty list and search it for a familiar name, and when she finds one she is very unhappy.

Sometimes, when she listens to men talk about France and Egypt and Australia, Frankie thinks maybe she doesn't want to settle down right after the war. Her plans for a post-war life aren't too different from those of many GIs.

"Sometimes I'd like to go all over the world," she says. "And then again I think I don't want to go anywhere at all."

Frankie prepares to draw two at La Konga bar.

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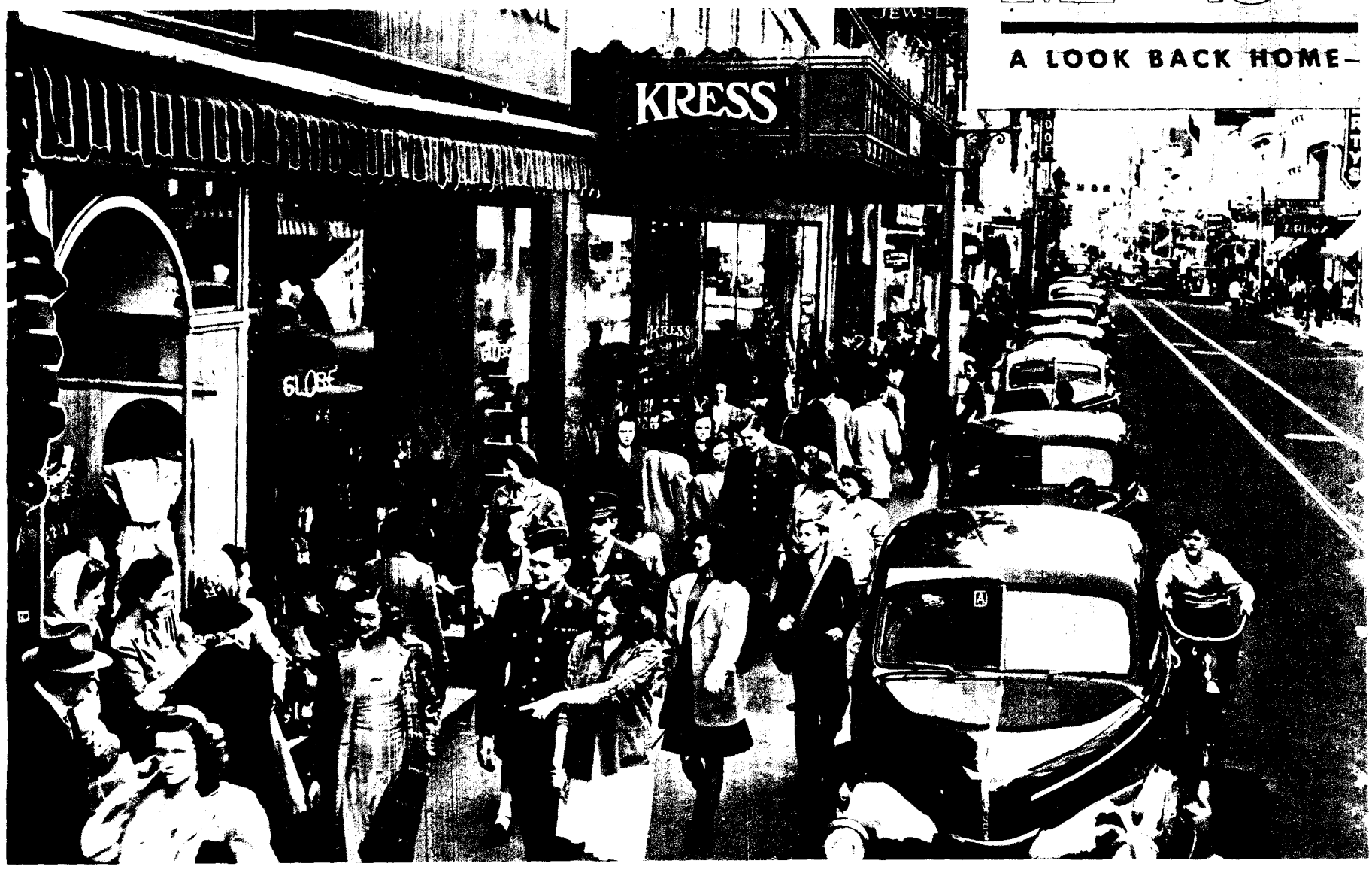
NEWARK, N. J. From the [illegible] of the U. S. Realty and Investment Company Building on Walnut Street you are now looking north along Broad Street in New Jersey's largest city. The time is [illegible] 11 o'clock of a nice spring morning, warm enough to leave off the overcoat. Steeple in foreground belongs to Grace Church.

MAIN STRE

A LOOK BACK HOME—



CHARLESTON, S. C. The younger element was out in full force along old King Street on the afternoon this picture was made. The hour was 3 o'clock, and the camera looked down from atop an MP automobile which was parked near Wentworth. The girls, you'll notice, seem to want to shop. The soldiers prefer to walk.

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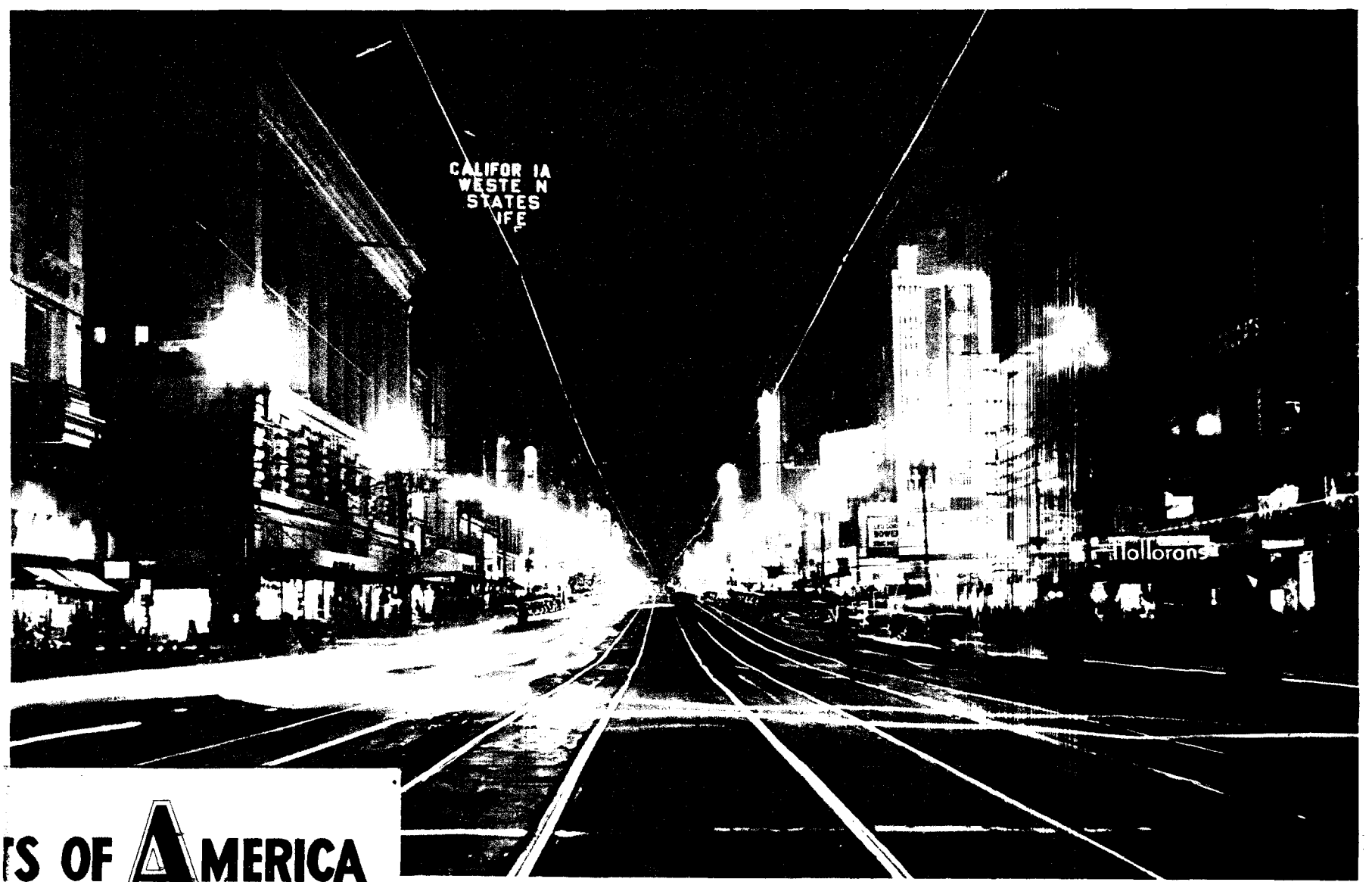
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. Midnight on Market Street, one of the world's famous avenues. The picture, a time exp[illegible] standing between 4th and 5th Streets. The swirling light tracks you see running along the pavement resulted from auto headlig[illegible]



TS OF AMERICA

NCE YOU WENT AWAY

TUCSON, ARIZ. *This is East Congress Street, looking west from the corner of South Scott—at 12:35 in the afternoon, if that* [illegible] are flying in celebration of La Fiesta de Los Vaqueros during which Tucson dresses in Old Western garb and holds its rodeo. In background [illegible]

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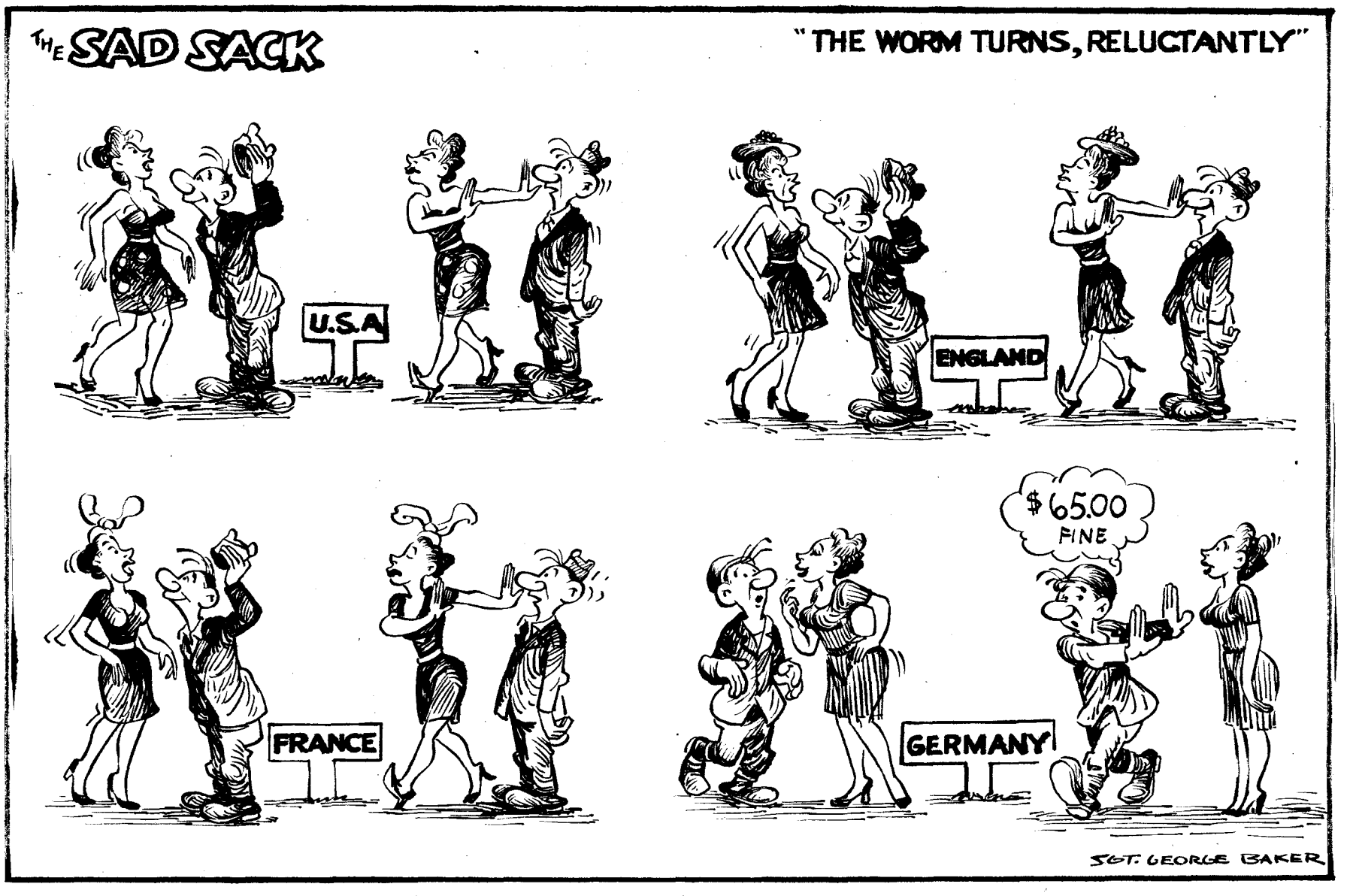


By Cpl. LEN ZINBERG

ITALY—The sun was hot, and the two soldiers sat beside their little 60-mm mortar and smoked French cigarettes. The bushy-haired soldier said, "This is nice country, but it don't beat the way things grew down around Naples and Anzio."

The sergeant was tall and lean, nearly 30. He said: "About all they got in Italy is good soil. What time is it?" His voice was thin and nasal.

"Not even 10 o'clock. Think they'll come up this road?"

"I don't know," the nasal one said, "but with a battery of mortars zeroed in—hot damn!" He nodded toward the hill. They were dug in at the foot of a small hill, and the other side sloped down to an old but fairly good dirt road.

The bushy-haired soldier grinned. "Be some ——" He suddenly punched the air, "Jeez, a goddam bee!"

A large dark bee buzzed around them and flew on. The soldier laughed. "Hey, maybe there's some honey around here?"

"Naw, that's a bumble bee," the sergeant said. "They're silly bastards. Fool around all summer, then dig into the ground for the winter and most times freeze to death."

"Where's the honey come in?"

The sergeant smiled wisely. "Not from a bumble bee, you damn city slicker. Don't you know about bees?"

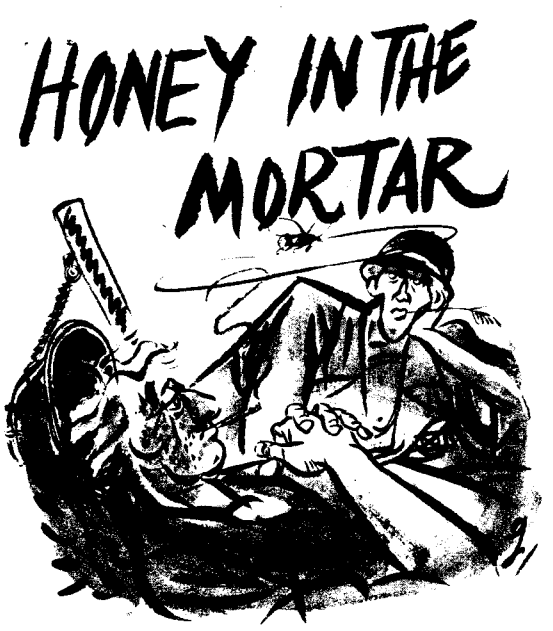
"If you mean did my old man tell me the story of the birds and the bees when I was a kid, we learn it sooner and different where I come from."

"Back on my farm in Missouri," the sergeant said, "I used to raise bees—for my own use. They're pretty interesting. They have one female—a queen bee—and about 15 drones and thousands of workers. The queen bee——"

"What a life she must have!"

"Only the drones can be her mate. The workers don't have any sex, and the drones don't work. They're sort of like studs. Once a year the queen picks a mate. They say she flies as high as she can and the first drone to reach her becomes the mate. Then the worker bees cut off the wings of the other drones and throw them out to die. They do that to the queen's mate when he's done with his mating too."

"You kidding?"



Nasal shook his head. "No, it's really true. Here's something else. Soon as the eggs are hatched and a new queen and drones and workers come out, they drive the old bunch out. I just leave an extra hive around and they move into that."

"This isn't a gag?"

"Aw, what would you know? You think honey is made in a supermarket."

The bushy-haired soldier thought for a second. "Suppose a lot of queens are born?"

The sergeant carefully crushed his cigarette against his shoe. "They seem to regulate that. Just one female is hatched, about a dozen or so drones, and the rest are workers. If the queen is killed the hive goes to hell; workers won't make honey. They won't work, either, till a mate is selected and the other drones are killed."

"And they can regulate how many of each are to be born?"

"Well, I don't know if they regulate it, but it comes out that way, somehow."

They were silent for a moment, the sergeant lighting another cigarette. Several hundred yards away, and to the rear of them, a soldier stood up and stretched.

The sergeant said: "Damn it, we're all too close here. Hell, our alternate positions are nearly on top of each other."

"We're okay," Bushy-Hair said, "if they do throw anything against us it'll only be machine guns. . . . Look, that stuff about the bees, that was the truth?"

"Sure. I raise them."

"It sounds bad."

"What's bad about it?"

"Well, it's like the Nazis," Bushy-Hair said.

The sergeant looked over at him. "Now what's bees got to do with the Germans?"

"The same set-up, like fascism. The worker bees as slaves without any feelings, the one queen bee ruling like a dictator, the drones living their foolish short useless lives, like nobles and princes."

"That's one way to look at it," the sergeant said in his nasal voice.

"You don't see what I mean. If nature made a plan like that, then it would seem as if fascism is a natural thing, not a man-made evil. It's like—well as if it was meant to be."

The sergeant laughed. "Next you'll be having the Germans making honey!"

"Damn it, I'm serious. It's bad, nature working like that."

"Don't let it upset you," Nasal said. "Nature don't do anything wrong. First off, all animals don't live like that, so it's not a general plan or anything, except for the bees—and there ain't many bees. Sure, the bees are a part of nature, but, hell, what to do? They only make honey for the rest of the world. There's no glory or power there; they don't invade or kill or——"

"But their own set-up is like Hitler's? They kill the drones, they work like slaves?"

"If you had ever been around bees you'd know you can't compare Hitler and the queen bee. It's the craziest thing I ever heard! Why the——" The sergeant stopped abruptly. A thin silence was suddenly around them. In the distance they heard the low roar of a motor convoy. The sergeant said quickly, "My God, the dopes are coming down the road!"

Bushy-Hair stared at the direction from which the noise came, as if he could see through the hill. Then he said slowly. "Yeah, they're coming. Come on, come on, you goddam queen bees!"

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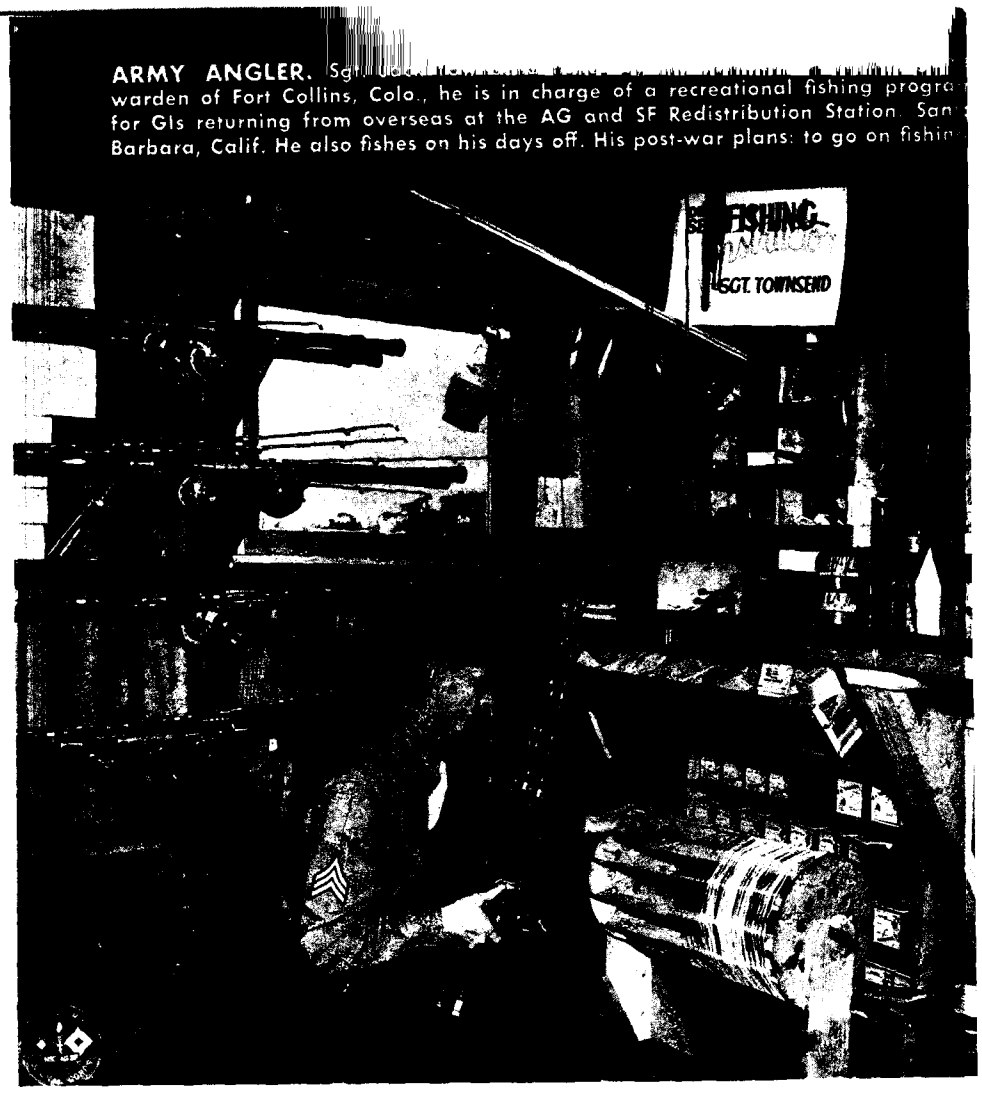
Lt. Einer Muhonen (left) and S/Sgt. Gerald Bowles (right) with Lt. Gerald N. Mahaffey after flight pictured in sketch.



ARMY ANGLER. Sg[illegible] warden of Fort Collins, Colo., he is in charge of a recreational fishing progra[illegible] for GIs returning from overseas at the AG and SF Redistribution Station. San[illegible] Barbara, Calif. He also fishes on his days off. His post-war plans: to go on fishin[illegible]

camp news

Columbia AAB Pilot Has Wild Ride in the Sky

Columbia AAB, S. C.—The pilot of a B-25 is alive today and his co-pilot and engineer have been recommended for the Soldier's Medal as a result of a 20-minute tug of war with a parachute high over South Carolina while the three were on a routine flight.

2d Lt. Gerald N. Mahaffey of Represa, Calif., turned the controls over to 2d Lt. Einer Muhonen of Westminster, Mass., and started back to the upper-turret compartment when his back-type parachute unexpectedly tripped and released the pilot's upper escape hatch. The parachute flew out and "blossomed," jerking Mahaffey through the hatch and wedging him there. Muhonen, seeing what happened out of the corner of his eye, swung his arm in an arc and grabbed Mahaffey by the foot.

S/Sgt. Gerald Bowles of Sunnyside, N. Y., veteran engineer-gunner of 52 missions in the CBI, was attracted by the lurching of the plane and investigated. He found Mahaffey unconscious and turning blue in the face. With Muhonen's aid Bowles twisted Mahaffey around so he could catch his breath, but when Mahaffey partially recovered consciousness he only added to their problem by trying to kick himself free.

If Muhonen and Bowles had let Mahaffey bail out, there was a possibility that he would have been thrown against the tail assembly and killed. The alternative was to hold on to him and try to land. Bowles wrapped his arms around one of Mahaffey's legs and braced himself against the side of the plane. Muhonen clenched the other foot with his left hand and flew the plane with his right. Mahaffey was semiconscious and out of the plane from the knees up.

The control tower was radioed for right of way to land, but the chute, billowing in the plane's slipstream, made landing difficult. Muhonen finally managed to set the plane down on the third try. Medical corpsmen and doctors who were standing by took Mahaffey to the hospital. After his bruises and lacerations were treated he was able to return to duty.

Off Limits Nautically

Dibble General Hospital, Menlo Park, Calif.—Life has held some hectic experiences for S/Sgt. Angelo Mattei, now a patient here. He was a sergeant pilot in the Royal Australian Air Force before the U. S. entered the war and as an AAF gunner he has seen service in almost every theater. But his hobby most of his 26 years has been sailing, so during a 90-day extended leave to his home in San Diego, Calif., he obtained clearance from the Navy to cruise along the coast in his trim little sloop. He was logging good time before a stiff breeze, too carefree to have a thought of his course, when darkness overcame him. A Coast Guard patrol boat also overcame him. He had sailed 20 miles south of the Mexican border, which is way outside the limits for pleasure craft.

EMBARRASSING MOMENT

Lockbourne AAB, Columbus, Ohio.—Pfc. Clara Adams of Pittsburgh, Pa., who supervises the repair and alteration of GI clothing for the QM here, appreciates the expression, "Was my face red?" A member of the permanent party, feeling the return of his clothing was overdue, hailed Pfc. Adams on a crowded base street and bellowed, "Hey, Sis, when do I get my pants back?"

AROUND [illegible]

Camp Wheeler, Ga.—The Public Relations Office has completed a survey of the WAC personnel's post-war plans. An overwhelming majority said, "Housewife."

Rapid City AAB, S. Dak.—First "casualty" of the current campaign on military courtesy here was Pvt. Edith H. Coulter of Worcester, Mass. She was admitted to the station hospital after she dislocated her right shoulder saluting a second lieutenant in Rapid City.

Army Recruiting, Detroit, Mich.—Sgt. Estelle Deason, Wac on duty here, received a letter from Pvt. George Ginsky, stationed at Camp Cooke, Calif. Instead of the word "Free" Ginsky had written "Thanks" in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope. It got through the post office without a hitch. —S/Sgt. GORDON CROWE.

Goodfellow Field, San Angelo, Tex.—To S/Sgt. Homer M. Chance goes the distinction of having been assigned to this field a shorter time than any other GI. He arrived here from the Independence (Kans.) Army Air Field one night, was processed next morning and was on his way to the radio mechanics' school at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., that night. Sometimes the Army works fast its wonders to perform.

Camp Beale, Calif.—Through the hands of Pvt. Cecelia Gold and Pvt. Johnny Barrett, locators in the Beale post office, passes a lot of third-class mail addressed to soldiers now overseas. To prevent such mail from being destroyed as undeliverable in accordance with postal regulations, Pvts. Gold and Barrett have been affixing forwarding postage, paid for out of their own pockets, whenever the material is likely to reach the soldier overseas.

Fort Sumner AAF, N. Mex.—Give Pvt. James Mertz of Buffalo, N. Y., time and he'll effect a complete shift of the stray-cat population of Santa Rosa, N. Mex., to Albuquerque. Mertz is a truck driver and every Friday he takes a load of salvage bones to a rendering company in Albuquerque. He stops at Santa Rosa to inspect his truck, then when he unloads it in Albuquerque he almost always finds a stray cat that's hitchhiked from Santa Rosa with the bones as the lure.

Don't Wash Me Out

Scott Field, Ill.—The men of Squadron O are singing a parody on "Don't Fence Me In" called "Don't Wash Me Out." The lyrics were written by Pvt. John P. Bond:

Oh give me time, lots of time
With the earphones on my head—
Don't wash me out.
Oh, let me pass all my checks
And the quiz kids that I dread—
Don't wash me out.
Let me be with my gal when I'm at my leisure,
Forget about code and that procedure,
Wash me back forever but I ask you please, sir,
Don't wash me out.
Just let me stay in the Air Corps—
I don't want the Infantry;
In my old bomber let me wander over yonder
Till I see the enemy.
I want to fly to the front where the war commences,
Di-di-dah-di-dit till I lose my senses.
I can't look at foxholes and I can't stand trenches—
Don't wash me out!

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THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:

What changes would you like to see made in post-war America?

Education and Eyesores

THERE are two definite changes I would like to see made in post-war America. The first is the creation of a National Board of Education, with the head sitting in on Cabinet meetings. Such a board would raise our educational standards, provide uniform salaries for teachers and give all communities excellent buildings and equipment for their schools.

The second change would be to erase those grotesque eyesores some cities have for courthouses and other public buildings. The WPA, if it is recreated, could do the job. Thus we could improve the appearance of the nation and provide employment for returned servicemen.

Marianas —Cpl. CHARLES BEVERLY

A Problem To Be Solved

America has had the race and color problem long enough. Some think the problem is insoluble, but we will not know whether it is or not until a potent national effort has been devoted to its solution. Basically such an effort would mean revitalizing the principles of democracy as proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence; strict and religious enforcement of the Constitution, congressional enactments and executive orders—all the laws of the land. Principles and laws that are not sustained and enforced are worse than useless. This is above politics and in the realm of statesmanship.

A liquidation of this problem is essential for a just and peaceful world. America should be a positive force in the achievement of world peace. The race problem is part of fascism, which would be as fatal to our country as to the other peoples who have worshipped it.

Italy —Sgt. ANDREW G. PASCHAL

More Than Ice-Cream Dreams

Our dreams for the future don't consist solely of strawberry ice-cream sodas and pretty girls. Our cities should be changed, with a plan of design that gives a feeling of space and beauty. Our slums should be abolished and comfortable houses built within the financial reach of the average guy. The productive system should be revamped so that every man or woman has a job, and we must raise the standard of living. We should have free education and Government-sponsored training programs, giving people a chance to increase their skills and better serve society. And we need an electorate that is wide-awake and educated, ready for responsibility.

Lastly, I'd like to see a land where Negroes and whites are accepted on an equal plane in terms of their rights and privileges, where there is no discrimination between Christians and Jews, where no select group has the right to lord it over others because of any inherent birthright.

Belgium —Cpl. SAMUEL LERNER

Rights and Benefits

I would like to see every American citizen with the right to cast his ballot without cost, regardless of race or creed. Every citizen has a right to help run his government and a right to hold office.

Let all the people have the benefit of medical discoveries. Medicine should be available to all who need it and not just to those who can afford it.

Any person wanting an education should have a chance and not be hindered through lack of funds.

Let more old people come under the provisions of the Social Security Act. Give them an income so that they may live comfortably and let them be independent, which is the pride of every American, from birth until death.

Alaska —T-5 ALVA E. ZIMMERMAN

Scholarships and TVA

I think we should broaden educational opportunity. Among other things we should initiate a nation-wide program, through state or Federal legislation, whereby a percentage of school taxes would go to a fund for scholarships for all students who reach a high enough mark.

I would like to see labor unity. There is no sensible reason for a continued split.

I would like to see less red tape and obstruction to small industry and more uniform and rigid control of monopolies. Also liberalization of patent laws, with higher rewards to individuals rather than corporations. Another thing, why can't we revamp the present Manpower Board into a peacetime machinery which would eliminate the uncertainties of work and labor supply?

I would like to see an extension of the TVA program, with further electrification and other facilities for the farmers.

Finally, let's start practicing the Declaration of Independence which says "all men are created equal." If the Negro soldier is good enough to fight and die over here he is good enough to share in the opportunities and privileges of his country.

France —Sgt. RALPH J. SHAW

Notes for Some Changes

My suggestions would be: a Federally financed slum-clearance and permanent-housing program; the establishment of an active Department of Education with full Cabinet status; guaranty of equality of pay and economic opportunity for the Negro; passage of an anti-poll-tax bill; a Constitutional amendment to make failure to vote during a national election punishable by fine.

Dutch New Guinea —Cpl. ROBERT I. HAYDEN

Trouble Ahead

As I see it we have a three-fold problem: *1)* our high venereal-disease rate; *2)* our great numbers of children who are badly brought up, and *3)* the callous attitude toward hit-and-run drivers.

France —Pvt. LLOYD H. CARPENTER

A General Program

Here are my long-term proposals: *1)* Compulsory military training of a year for youths between 18 and 20; *2)* abolish international cartels; *3)* aid full employment by Government subsidies to small business and aid to farmers, provide low-cost public utilities to impoverished areas, continue useful Federal and state public-works projects; *4)* pass an anti-poll-tax and anti-lynching bill; *5)* provide for a permanent Labor Board to hear management and labor disputes; *6)* streamline Congress, abolishing filibusters and airing important sessions by radio; *7)* have a national slum-clearance project.

Philippines —Pfc. GORDON CRANDALL

This page of GI opinion on important issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. A question for future discussion is "Do You Expect Any Trouble in Getting a Post-War Job?" If you have any ideas on this subject send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will allow you time to get answers here from overseas by mail. The best letters will appear in a future issue.

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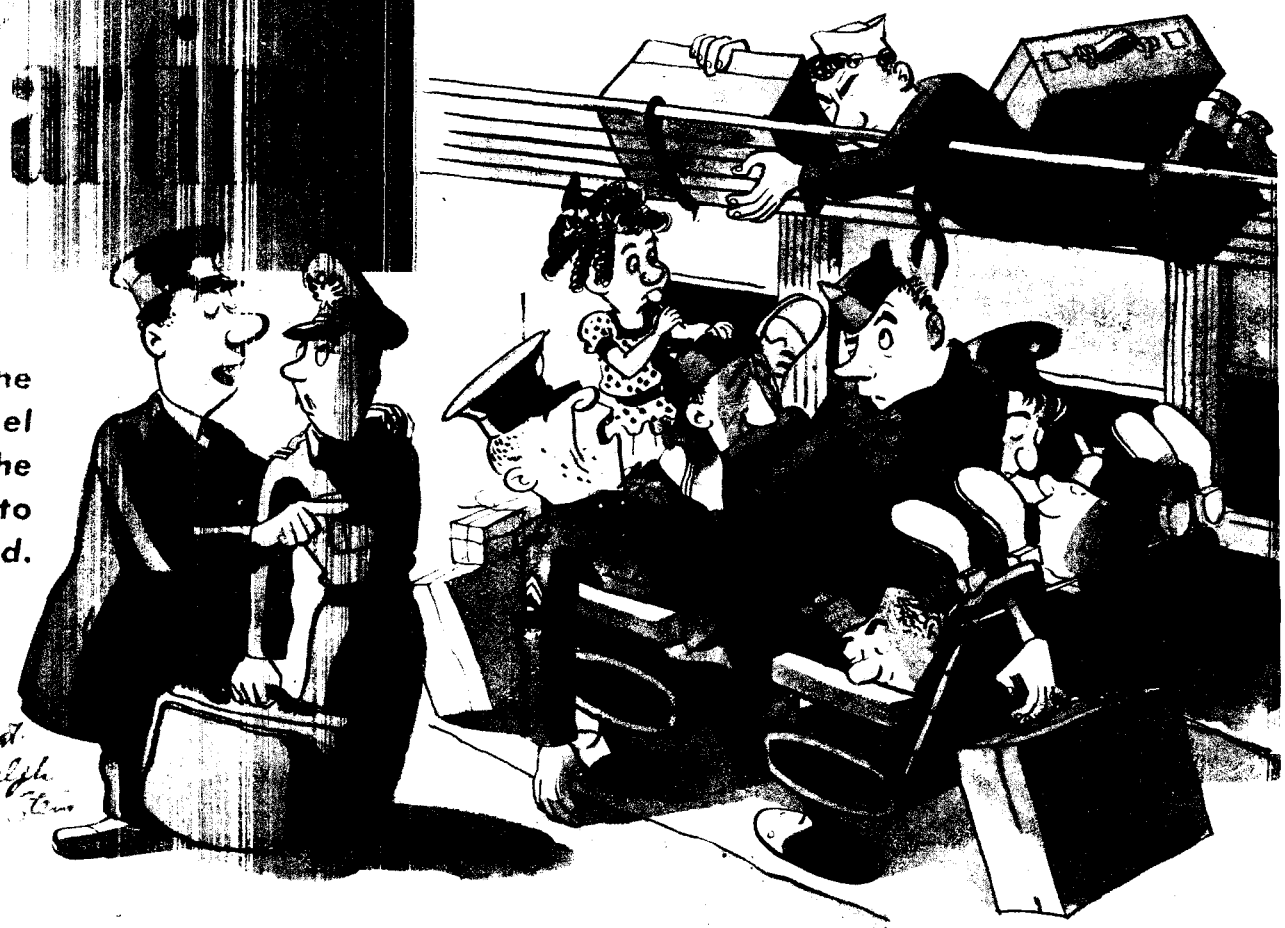
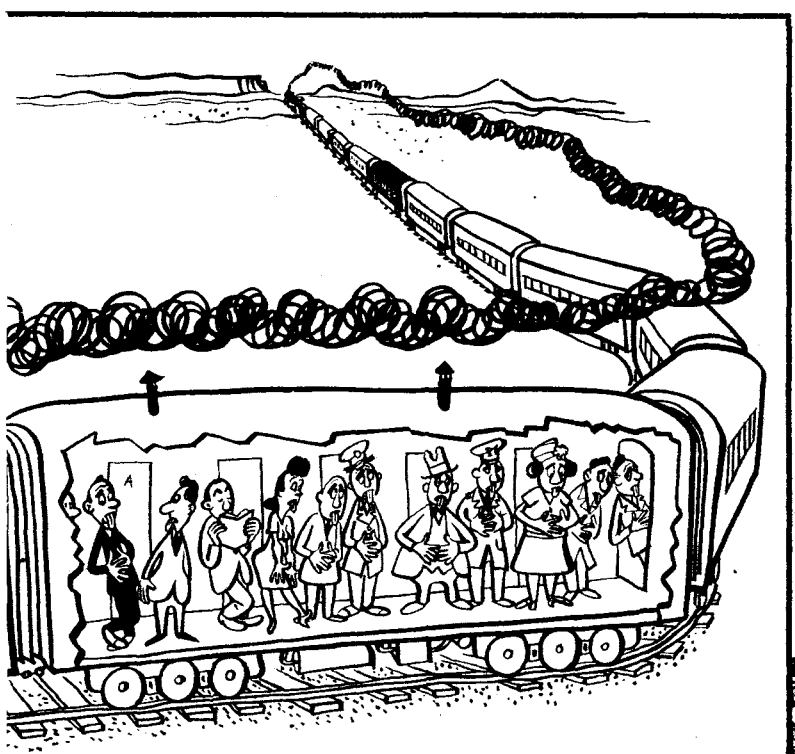
R.R.'s in War

Sgt. Ralph Stein reports on the sad condition of railroad travel these days back home. Like the sergeant's sketches, it seems to be somewhat slightly confused.

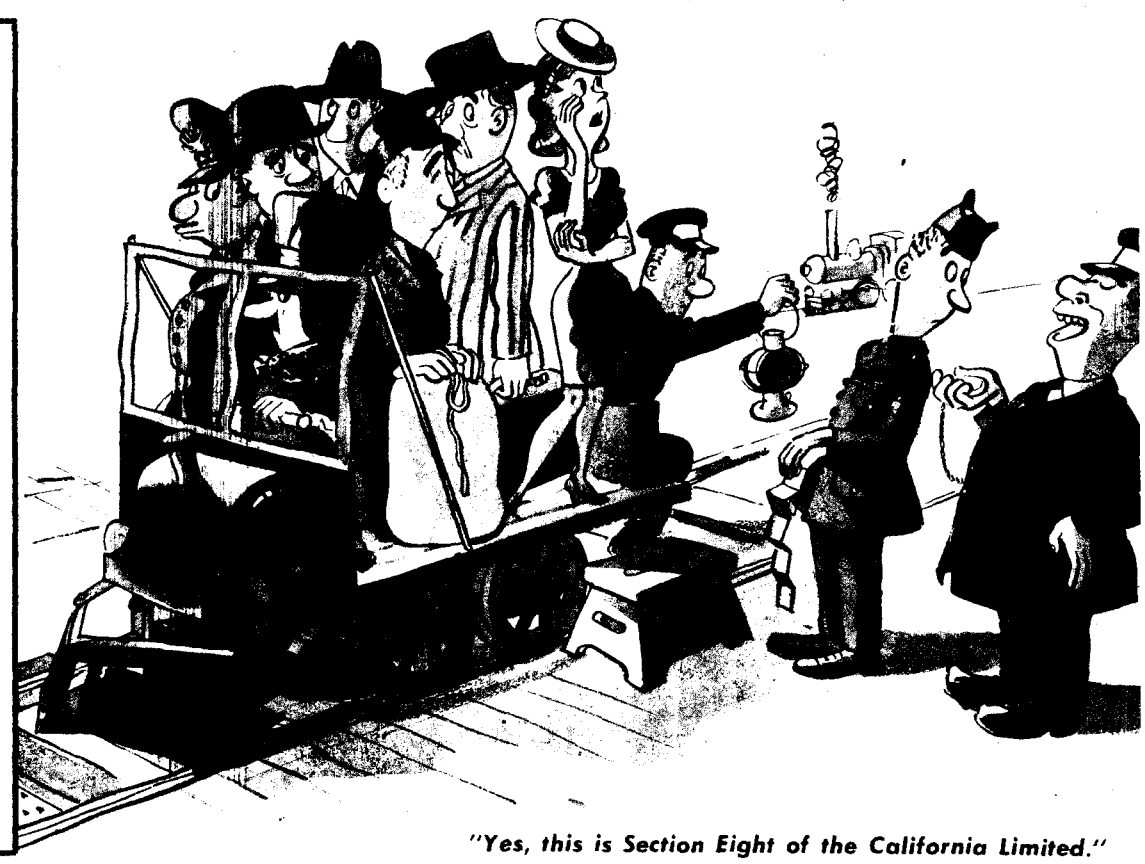


"Try to squeeze in with these boys, Sonny."

"I don't care what the ticket says. It still don't look like a streamliner to me."



"I wanted pancakes for breakfast but it looks like I'll be getting chicken croquettes for supper instead."



"Yes, this is Section Eight of the California Limited."

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

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This Week's Cover

ALONG the Ledo-Burma Road, a little boy gives the famous Chinese good-luck greeting to a convoy truck towing a 75-mm pack howitzer. See pages 8, 9 and 10 for a picture story of the first convoy by Sgt. Dave Richardson.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 2—Upper left, Acme; others, INP. 6—PA. 7—Left, Acme; right, Signal Corps. 8, 9 & 10, Sgt. Richardson. 11—Price. 12—Upper, Sgt. Ben Schnall; lower, Pvt. George Aarons. 13—Upper, Sgt. John Frano; lower, Sgt. Ralph Stein. 15—Left, Columbia AAB, S. C.; right, Signal Corps. 19—YANK. 20—Universal. 23—Morning Telegraph.

Mail Call

"Combat Uniform"

Dear YANK:

In a recent *Mail Call* I read that T-3 Henry Giutienrez has a grand idea of a new dress uniform for combat soldiers (OD Ike jacket, dark green trousers, paratrooper boots and a dark green cap).

If this Joe likes paratrooper boots so damn well, why can't he join the outfit and earn them? And that also goes for all the other nonjumpers who sport 'em. Which brings up the question—why can't men who have earned the right to wear them get them for blood or money?

The boots are here in the ETO, because I've seen more on nonjumpers recently than I have on people who have earned the right.

Britain —Pvt. H. G. HINSHAW

Dear YANK:

I would like to inform T-3 Giutienrez where he can get a distinguished uniform like he describes. My boy, all you have to do when you get back to the States is to apply to volunteer your services in an outfit known as the Paratroops. The Parachute School will then decide whether you're man enough to make five jumps and sweat out the school. If you are, you will get your hat, jacket, pants and paratrooper boots—all free of charge.

Belgium —Pfc. HENRY SOSNOWSKI

Dear YANK:

The troopers have to sweat blood—and plenty—just to get to wear a pair of those boots to work in. Now we find that every damn outfit has them, practically for the asking. I had a buddy (since lost in Holland) who seriously injured his ankle in the jump in Holland because he had only a pair of Infantry combat boots, which don't support anything except your pants legs. Others I know of went in in GI shoes.

I have a pair of boots now. I have paid nearly two pounds trying to get and keep 'em fixed so I can wear 'em just for dress—I nearly had to go AWOL one day to get them repaired from the ruining I gave 'em in Holland. Just between us old troopers, I am damn fed up with seeing our jump jackets and boots on anybody but troopers. Anyone who wears what he doesn't earn is just plain chicken.

Britain —Ex-505er

Dear YANK:

...I can see enough service ribbons on the guys [who have been in combat] that have returned to make me wilt with shame for being a GI 4-F. We think that T-3 Giutienrez is asking too much for the following reasons: first of all, they are allowed to wear combat ribbons, which is strictly taboo to Stateside troops; second, he is asking for a privilege granted to our officers by wanting uniforms to correspond to theirs; third, he is asking for the privilege to wear paratrooper boots and that is kicking the troopers right in the teeth....

Camp Mackall, N. C. —T-5 PAUL R. SMITH*

*Also signed by 12 others.

Dear YANK:

...I suggest that those who would like to be distinguished simply parade the streets with one of those "EAT AT JOE'S" signs reading: "I have been in combat." It would serve the purpose and save the War Department the time and expense of designing the zoot suit.

Marianas —M/Sgt. LOUIS W. LOWREY*

*Also signed by eight other EM.

Dear YANK:

...The only reason a fellow would want to distinguish himself from the unfortunate GIs that couldn't go and fight, is that he is either a braggart or thinks himself better than his buddies....

T-3 Giutienrez sounds like one of the fellows that put wrinkles in their hats after they have completed 50 missions to the USO. Why doesn't he ask his CO for a campaign ribbon for the typhoid shots he has received? I'm sure if he had a lot of medals the people would notice him, and that's what he wants, isn't it?...

Most GIs don't care if they have to walk around in fatigues. They don't want to show up their buddies; all they want is to go back home and enjoy the peaceful life they want to live....

Ascension Island —Cpl. A. H. BEESKAU

Dear YANK:

...And another thing—we are getting pretty damn fed up with the rear-echelon commandos who write absurd letters complaining because we receive jump pay. Let me remind them that they have the same opportunity to go earn that pay....

This hospital is filled with men who were in combat, and all agree that T-3 Giutienrez should attend OCS to get his Eisenhower jacket and dark green pants.

Santa Fe, N. Mex. —Pvt. D. W. ALFORD

Sweets for the Sweet

Dear YANK:

I have been reading a great many suggestions from all sorts of deep thinkers and also statesmen on "What Shall We Do With Germany?"

Well, I have a suggestion too. Here it is: Start an ASTP for dentists. Then, when we have about 50,000 pretty fair dentists (they don't have to be too highly skilled), send them into Germany. Make it compulsory for all German citizens who have never been in a Nazi concentration camp to report to an ASTP dentist. These dentists will drill holes in all the teeth of all these Germans. Then these dentists will fill these cavities with rock candy. Then they will put a cap on all these teeth.

Germany —T/Sgt. AMOS W. SCHMIDLAPP

Surplus Property

Dear YANK:

Under the method in effect now for the disposition of surplus Government property, the GIs are not getting fair or just treatment.

When our greetings arrived, we were forced to sacrifice our personal property, such as automobiles, radios and construction equipment to dealers for whatever we could get. Now, under the present system, only authorized dealers can bid on surplus equipment. They get it at the lowest possible cost and resell it at the top ceiling price. It seems to me that the GIs should have first choice at this surplus. There is a lot of difference between paying Uncle Sam $600 for a jeep and paying some dealer from $800 to $1,000 for the same merchandise.

I think that the serviceman should get a chance to look over this equipment in advance of the day it is put up for public bidding. If certain equipment meets with the prospective GI-buyer's approval, I believe he should be allowed to purchase the same at the lowest asking price. If the individual can make a down payment of one-third the purchase price, there is no reason why he can't allocate a certain amount from his or her pay to retire the balance. After the service personnel has had a fair chance at procuring what they want, the balance can then be auctioned off to the dealers.

Fort Sam Houston, Tex. —T/5 HARRY L. FOX

Golden Alaska

Dear YANK:

For too long, and altogether too often, I've been reading articles dealing with Alaska, "God's gift to the ex-serviceman and would-be farmer-entrepreneur." Isn't it time we considered a few facts?

1) The land "up there" is either swampy, frozen, rocky or vertical. There are probably fewer than 100 real farms in Alaska's 500,000 square miles. Why? There were two towns of 5,000 people, three towns of about 3,000 people and five or six places populated by from 500 to 1,000 people. Besides these there are, of course, small fishing villages and trading posts, etc., but these are scattered over an area 11 times larger than the state of Wisconsin. Isn't it reasonable to suspect something amiss with this "Golden Land?"

2) Transportation to and within the Territory hardly exists.

3) Markets for produce, or as sources of supply, are remote, small, scattered and rare.

4) Prices are half again as great, or even double, those found in the States.

5) Summer is about 2½ months long, with a week on each side during which winter comes or leaves, as the case may be. The saying is that there are two seasons in Alaska—winter and the Fourth of July. And with summer come the rains, incessant in places, and the mosquitoes and gnats swarming by the millions in all places. And then comes winter—long months of bitter cold, darkness, snow, wind and idleness.

"Well, well! At long last here comes our relief column!"
—Pfc. Tom Flannery

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6) Employment consists of two main industries, fishing and mining, which have already long been "stabilized" and will develop further only very slowly if at all. Alaska has had her unemployment problem every year since the '20s caused by "outside" labor coming in for the short summer season. The fur industry is a sad one, and the lumber business nil. Actually many states have much greater possibilities in any of the above fields.

It would be folly to go to Alaska without at least a $3,000 stake, and $5,000 if a man has a family to support. Those amounts should at least insure enough money to buy the return-trip ticket home. To try to make a start saddled with a "loan," even GI, would be fatal from the first. An empty wallet, an empty stomach and a year or two of time wasted — it isn't a nice prospect. Not when that first year or two is spent sinking a shovel into virgin ground (six inches of frost), building a house, hauling supplies, enduring extremes of climate and insects—for nothing. And you don't go up there and simply buy a farm, business or house. There aren't any. At least, what few there are aren't for sale.

If I present a rather dismal picture of Alaska, let me say here that I write only to save a lot of GIs a lot of disappointment, as well as financial ruin. . . . As for myself and my qualifications for writing this letter—I live in Alaska.

England —Pvt. G. P. HACKENBRUCK

10-in-1 Cigarettes

Dear YANK:

As I understand it, when and if supplies are available, it is the policy of the Army to issue one package of cigarettes every day to each GI in a combat area. That is enough and I don't think any reasonable dogface would complain about it. If that is the Army policy, why do the authorities in charge of the packaging of field rations permit half-packages of 10 cigarettes to be packed in the 10-in-1 ration?

In the Philippine campaign, my battalion operated behind the enemy lines for 18 days. During that time we were supplied by air drops, most of which went to the Japs because of our small perimeter. As a consequence we were always short of rations during that period. We bore the hunger without complaint because every man realized they were doing everything humanly possible to get supplies to us.

But it's hard to realize how comforting a drag on a cigarette can be to a footslogger under those conditions. Imagine, then, our disgust upon breaking open our few 10-in-1s to discover half-packages of cigarettes. There are at least a dozen items in the 10-in-1 which could be cut down slightly to admit space for full packages of 20 cigarettes. As a matter of fact, the other items could easily be rearranged in such a way that full packages of cigarettes would fit nicely into the 10-in-1 without reducing the food ration.

New Caledonia —Pvt. A. L. THORELL

Red-Taped Veterans

Dear YANK:

Just a suggestion that, if carried out, would save discharged GIs quite a lot of inconvenience and a few dollars of their mustering-out pay.

Being a recently discharged GI (24 December last, to be exact), I applied for my old job with the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Treasury Department, a Civil Service position. As the red tape unrolled I was sent a physical-examination form and instructed to have it executed by a doctor. Instructions accompanying the form were careful to state that the cost of the examination must be borne by the victim.

Why couldn't each discharged man be given a duplicate of the physical examination with his other discharge papers?

West Newton, Pa. —RALPH A. NEASHAM

Nurses' Complaint

Dear YANK:

We've just been reading about the shortage of nurses and we have this to say. We came over here to take care of our boys, but they are way down on the list. Inspections, bookwork, housekeeping, policing our rooms and uniforms, all come before nursing care. Some days we work 15 or 16 hours, and when we come off duty at 2300 we have to empty ashes, chop wood and search for coke—try to dig it out of the snow and ice. Then we are expected to GI our floors, windows and walls. Our rooms are to be ready for inspection at all times.

Now the pay-off is that our personal belongings have to be on display during inspection. Is nothing sacred in the ETO? As far as we can see the main result of these inspections is a promotion for the inspecting party.

Speaking of promotions, how about a few genuine silver bars in the ANC? So far it seems to be who you know and the front you show instead of knowledge and good nursing care.

We don't mind how many hours we spend taking care of the boys, as a matter of fact the few minutes allotted to nursing care are our happiest moments.

We feel sure the medical officers, nurses and patients would all feel more respectful toward IGs if they were more concerned with the patients' condition than why some light bulb has a speck of dust on it.

England — Nine Disgusted Nurses

Husbands' Rights

Dear YANK:

We fellows in the mail room have been discussing the problem of how to be happy husbands after the shooting is over. (We are all single.) Here in the Army we can't do as we wish without permission; we can't go to town without a pass, we can't refuse to work, we can't quit our job, and we have to stand in line for chow and many other things too numerous to mention. When we go home and get married we'll be in the same situation. The only difference is we won't be in uniform and the wives will take the place of the first sergeants.

Now here is our secret weapon: "V-Security." Come V-Day here is our idea of a GI Bill of Rights. When the little wife supersedes the *ARs*, which she will, the following permit will be carried on the husband's person at all times:

BILL OF RIGHTS

I, Mrs. John Doughboy, hereby permit my husband, Mr. John Doughboy, the privileges listed below:

1) No standing in line for anything.

2) To keep the pay check.

3) To have any beverage he may desire in the refrigerator.

4) To have no buffet supper or dehydrated food.

5) Nothing to do with the kitchen.

6) To have no brown suits.

7) To live in a quiet neighborhood, with no cop on the corner with a shiny whistle.

8) To buy his wife clothes only when old clothes are considered (by Mr. Doughboy) to be unsalvagable.

9) To invite the "boys" over at least once a week, if so desired.

10) To wear the pants in the family. (The long pants.)

I have read the above statements and hereby certify that they will be complied with.

(Signed) MRS. JOHN DOUGHBOY

France —Sgt. E. M. CASTRONOVO*

*Also signed by 12 others.

CPL. BOB KRELL

CPL. BOB KRELL, 21, YANK staff correspondent, was killed in action March 24 a few hours after he jumped by parachute with the 17th Airborne Division to cover the Allied airborne offensive across the Rhine, northwest of Wesel, Germany. Krell was with a lieutenant and two other enlisted men in a woods near the Issel River firing at a partially demobilized German tank. A German infantryman came up on the Americans from their rear and killed all four of them.

Krell was a Brooklyn (N. Y.) boy who voluntarily enlisted in the Army Air Forces at the age of 18 a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, while he was studying journalism at Columbia University and working as a free-lance sportswriter in New York. He did 13 months in the Pacific with an aircraft-warning outfit and then volunteered for the Paratroops. After completing his training at Fort Benning, Ga., he went to the ETO with the 17th Airborne Division last fall.

In February, Krell joined the staff of YANK in Europe as a combat correspondent. When the 17th was assigned to the 21st Army Group's airborne drive across the Rhine in March, he went back to his old outfit to report on its action for YANK.

Krell is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Krell of Brooklyn, and a brother, Clyde, who is a seaman second class at the Naval Air Training Center, Norman, Okla.

Know Your Allies

Dear YANK:

Today I had an argument with several of my friends in camp about how many states there are in America. She said there were only 13 and I said she was thinking of the 13 colonies when America was first founded and told her that there were 48 states.

I'll sign off, still hoping I'm right. Cheerio!

Britain —Pte. ADA W. WILLIS, ATS

■ We started out with 13, but we've gradually accumulated 35 more.

Passionate Furloughs

Dear YANK:

I happened to read in YANK where someone suggested he and other fellows would like to get a passionate furlough like the English soldier does every so often to see his wife. He claims he has one year overseas and says he would like to get a furlough.

Well, buddy, I hope your wish comes true. I, myself, and a lot of others have better than two years over and, pal, we sure would like a furlough to see our wives and families, but it looks like we're going to sweat it out a lot longer. All I can say is you're right through and through, and hope it will come out the way you suggested. I know it would be of great help to all of us and a pretty good morale builder, in fact one of the best I can think of.

Hawaii —Cpl. STANLEY PUCHARE

Salvaging Eyeglasses

Dear YANK:

When the local EENT issues glasses which are discovered to be incorrectly refracted, the only way replacements can be obtained is by turning the defective ones in shattered! Though the heavens fall, they won't replace them so long as the lenses are still sound. The technical solution is to bash them with an ax or toss them under the treads of a Sherman tank, thereby rendering them acceptable to the EENT for reissue.

Now, that solves the technical angle, but what could be the philosophical basis for this requirement? Probably the answer is so abstract that only officers are supposed to be able to really understand it.

Camp Bowie, Tex. —Slightly Puzzled

More West Points

Dear YANK:

We are going to need very much more than compulsory military training in the post-war world. If we are to progress as we wish, one year of compulsory training would just put the brakes on many of our technical fields. Which are we to choose—a big Army trained with our present tactics, or a better educational system, producing technicians to keep a smaller Army informed on the changing ways to make war? Our big Army of tomorrow is as likely to be worthless as France's Maginot Line unless we have a well-educated population to supply the best technicians.

What I advocate isn't a compulsory-training law at all, but a house-cleaning of what Army we do have. Set up other schools as well publicized as West Point for the young men who can meet the requirements. Then we will have technical and military knowledge working in harmony. In that way our Army would be ready to train or fight with the very newest ways of war.

Britain —Sgt. J. P. THORNTON

GI Photo Service

Dear YANK:

A crying need for developing and printing pictures for GIs has been a major problem to us ever since we came to India. We have GI laundries, PXs, etc., and our Special Service Division is second to none—but when it comes to pictures (not film so much, for we can get that at home, but the developing and printing), we haven't a single GI facility for same.

What with the poor grade of work and materials available here in the Burma-India theater, plus the exorbitant prices charged by the photographers and the fact that there are so many worth-while sights available in India, it seems to me that a GI photography service, run on a profitable scale, would be a very big morale factor, both to us here and to our relatives and friends at home, who after all are our own war workers.

It could be operated in connection with the PX systems in cases of small units or, in the event a company or battalion photographer was available, within the company or battalion. A central station could be set up which would receive from all units and send to all units for individual distribution. How about it?

In many cases where GIs unwittingly take pictures of possible value to the enemy, the civilian photographers may keep a copy of same unbeknown. A GI photo service would definitely eliminate this hazard.

India —Pfc. M. M. KAPLAN*

*Also signed by Pvt. Charles Kuhn.

Lonesome Lieutenant

Dear YANK:

We were all amused by the letter written by Lt. Fuller (asking for telephone numbers of girls in Hollywood). Is it possible that Lt. Fuller is so naive that when stationed only 200 miles from Hollywood, or any other town where there are at least 10 women, he doesn't know the proper GI etiquette for getting a date? Does he have to refer his "awkward age" problems to YANK, when Dorothy Dix is syndicated in so many other papers?

—Lt. MARK D. CHESTNEY*

Davis-Monthan Field, Ariz.

*Also signed by Lts. James E. Sullivan, George J. Podgorski, John G. Gatsis, Martin R. Kissel, "all 20-year-old flying lieutenants who have been getting their own dates for the last two years, both in the States and England".

Strictly GI

Prisoners of War. The War Department has announced that there were 365,437 prisoners of war held within the continental limits of the States as of April 1. The break-down by nationalities: German, 311,630; Italian, 50,549; Japanese, 3,258.

The Provost Marshal General's Office said the prisoners were held at 141* base camps and approximately 319 branch camps situated in all sections of the States.

Soldier Voting. The following information was issued by the Adjutant General's Representative for Soldier Voting:

OREGON. Election to be held June 22. To be voted on: Certain taxes on property and on the sale of cigarettes.

Soldier may use post card application supplied by Army at his request (USWBC Form No. 1).

State will receive soldier's application for state absentee ballot at any time.

Earliest date state will mail absentee ballot to soldier: April 28.

Date on or before which soldier's executed absentee ballot must be received back by appropriate officials within state in order to be eligible to be counted: June 16.

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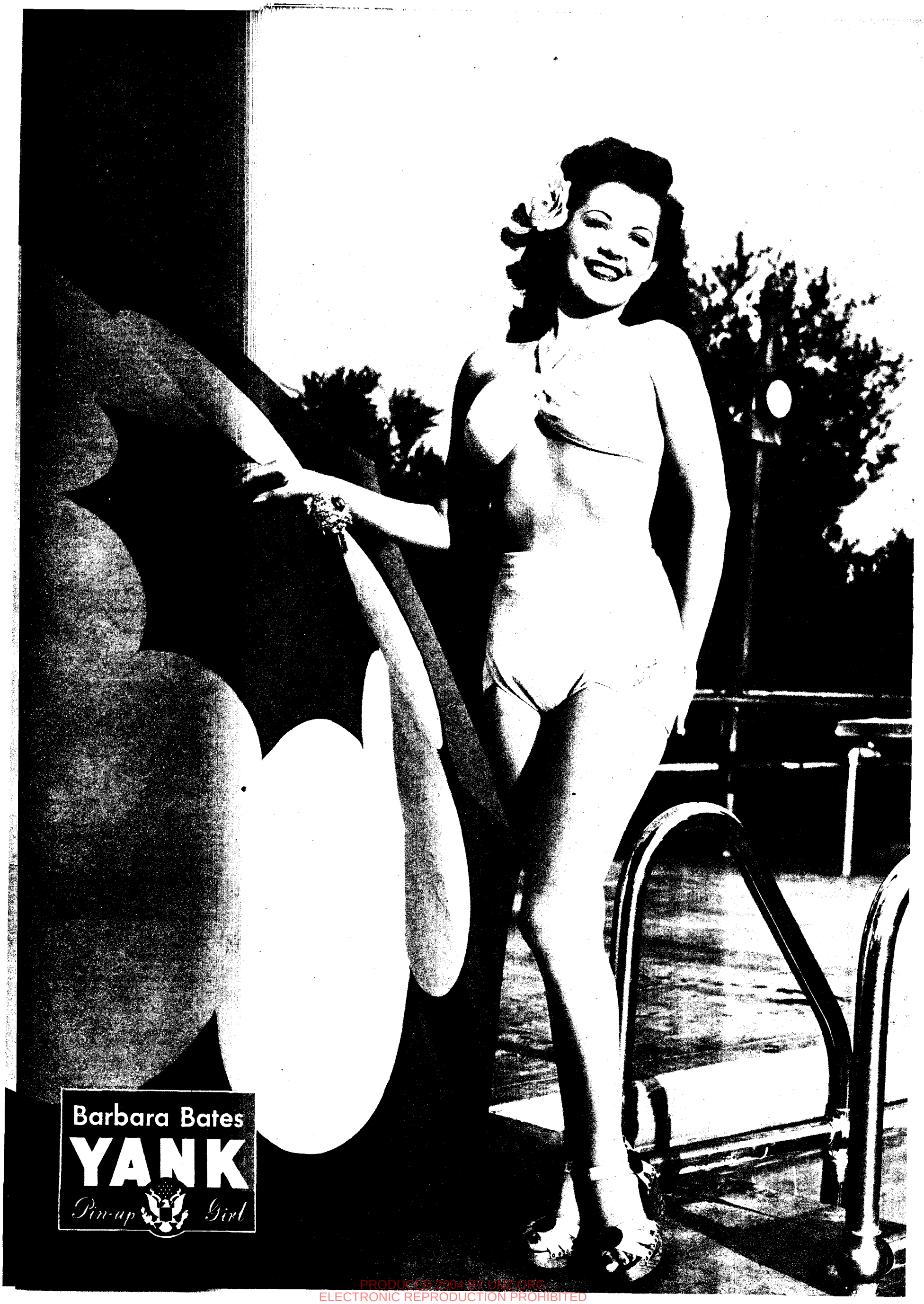

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The Poets Corner

THE BRIDGE

There was this bridge across the Rhine; some steel
In form of girders, linking shore to shore
In ordinary fashion, as men feel
Most bridges do, since no bridge should do more;
Yet there was something—probably the grim
View of Teutonic towers at each end—
That echoed back to history's darkest whim:
A structure with an omen to portend.
What slender hinge of destiny, this span
That will stretch out forever through the dark
Which man created for his fellow man;
The Nazi night: pierced by one tremulous spark
That gathered fury, bursting into flame
To cauterize the wounds of Nazi shame!

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla. —Sgt. KEITH B. CAMPBELL

FIELD CONDITIONS

First you take the air around you in the woods that do abound,
Then you mix it up with nothing and you stake it in the ground,
And you think of all the scout knots you were tying when a boy,
Then you tie this nothing up as if it were a Christmas joy.

Now you waterproof the canvas that you know just isn't there,
And you bring the sides down tautly till you've rigged it good and square,
Then you bring in all the fixtures requisitioned months ago
That were promised you by people whom you "simply have to know."

And though you do not have them and you're sure they'll never come,
You sit your fanny on them just to keep from looking dumb;
Next you call your section leader on a phone that doesn't ring
And you tell him very calmly you are set for anything!

India —Pvt. BARNEY AUGUST

Le HAVRE, 1945

Cigarette pour papa,
Cigarette pour papa . . .

Gone the savage Gallic fire
Of barbed wit and Latin love,
Gone the whistle, gone the jaunt,
Gone the tart in this gaunt shell
Of city crucified.

Here the docks that once gave birth
To flaunting queens of sea,
Point gnarled and broken strands of steel
With passive accusation to the sky.

Ah, gravestone for a continent;
Ah, marker for ten million shattered lives!
Look ye well and ken,
Here the sword of Mars was sharpened,
Here the sword of Death was forged.

France —Pfc. J. T. WATERHOUSE

HAUNTED SPRING

How strange to think that you
Who made me so aware
Of every living thing
Will not be here to share
The spring;
To watch the blossoming
Of hedges and of trees,
To hear the blustering wind
Turn to a gentle breeze
Heavy with scent of lilacs;
To answer with a smile
The shy and friendly glance
Of pansies as we hurry past;
To watch the tiny daisies dance
Across the field.

How strange to think that you
Who loved so much
The gentle rain of spring
Cannot now feel its touch,
While I who wait
And listen for your call
Must carry in my heart
Unending fall.

New Guinea —Sgt. KATHLEEN NEALIS

YOU'D never know it from the way she dresses these days (look left), but one of Barbara Bates' childhood hopes was to become a champion ski jumper. Another ambition was to be an actress. In that she seems to have made good. Barbara is 20. She was born in Denver, Colo. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 110, has green eyes and auburn hair. Her latest pictures for Universal: "Night in Paradise" and "Here Come the Co-Eds."

BALLADS FROM THE BACK ROOM

The Bloody Mild

Ho! you'd better 'ave the bitter
'Cause you'll 'ate the bloody mild.
'Tis fit for neither 'ealthy man
Nor constipated child.
But the bitter is a royal brew
On which King Henry smiled.
So! you'd better 'ave the bitter
'Cause you'll 'ate the bloody mild!

Me wife, she drinks the bitter
And her strength too well I've known;
She's dragged me 'cross the threshold
Like I weighed but 'alf a stone.
If she'd give up the bitter
For the mild, I tell you, chum,
I'd rule 'er like a 'usband should:
Right 'ere—beneath me thumb.

Me daughter goes a-pubbin'
And she drinks the bitter straight
And 'as a beau each ev'ning,
Why, at least by 'alf-past eight.
She's not content with sippin'
Pints of mild or fancy wine.
Me daughter is an eager lass
And not for wastin' time.

Me great-great-great-aunt Katey,
Guv'ner, what a girl was she!
She took to drinkin' bitter
At the tender age of three,
But at the age of ninety
She took to mild and gin,
And, sure enough, at ninety-nine
The stuff had done 'er in.

Ho! you'd better 'ave the bitter
'Cause you'll 'ate the bloody mild.
'Tis fit for neither 'ealthy man
Nor constipated child.
But the bitter is a royal brew
On which King Henry smiled.
So! you'd better 'ave the bitter
'Cause you'll 'ate the bloody mild!

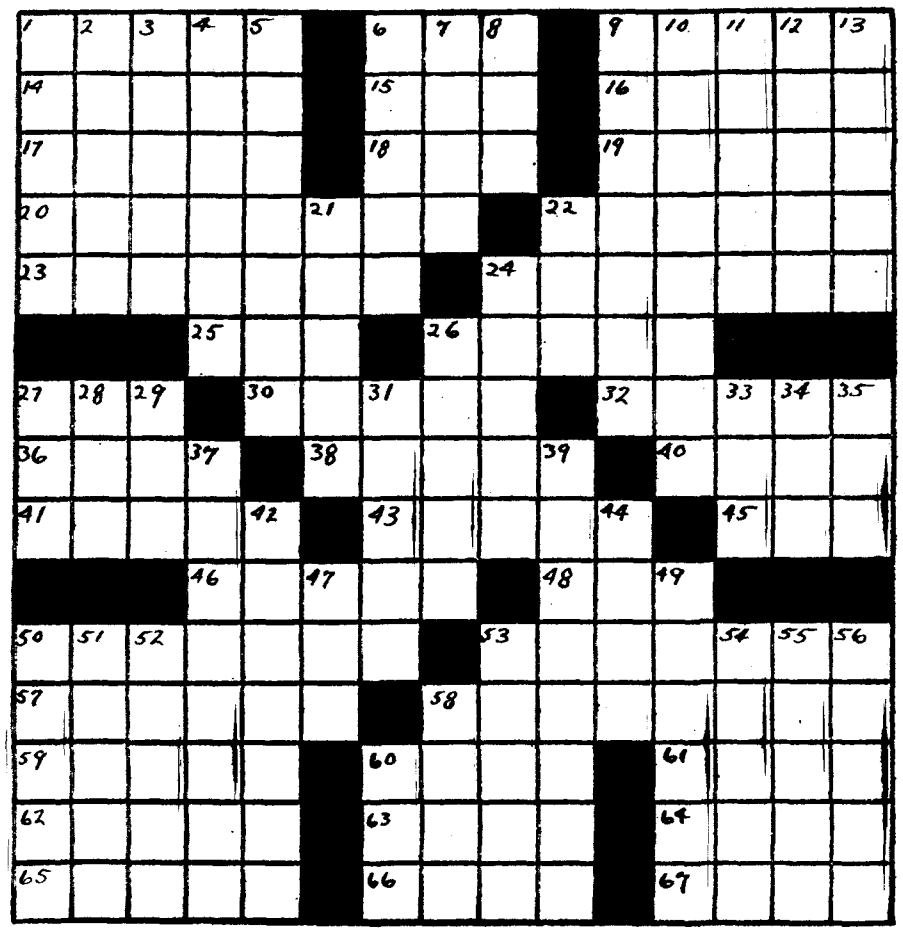
France —S/Sgt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

NO CASUALTIES

Let the cold rain fall on the faces
Of the corpses in the trail's curves
Where the outguard's first shots flung them.
(Squeeze the trigger; shoot again at the brush:
Be certain; take no chances with suicide
Grenades gripped under the armpits.)
Let the cold rain seep again through muddy fatigues
Of the singing soldiers sprawled on the supply truck
Where the trail meets the new American road.
Let the Americans sing and joke how they killed.
Texan and Pole and Spaniard, Assiniboin and Swede.
(Scar-faced Texan with the officer's
Blade and the slitted blue eyes, sing!)
Let us sing; we still live; crawled the brush
And kept silent and watched all night
In the black jungle. Forgive us our pride,
Our loud laughter, Lord, at the thud
When a Japanese warrior hurtled dead.
Lord, forgive us our laughter; we still live.

Philippines —Cpl. HARGIS WESTERFIELD

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

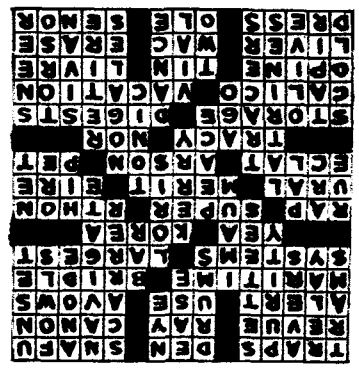


ACROSS

1. Booby snares
6. Lair
9. Situation normal
14. Musical comedy
15. Light beam
16. Church law
17. Air-raid warning
18. Custom
19. Declares openly
20. Nautical
22. Horse's headgear
23. Regular methods
24. Biggest
25. Affirmative vote
26. Jap name for Chosen
27. Knock
30. "Tops"
32. Right honorable (abbr.)
36. Russian mountains
38. Deserve
40. Irish Free State
41 Brilliancy of effort
43. Malicious destruction by fire
45. To fondle
46. Comic-strip detective
48. And neither
50. Safekeeping of goods
53. Assimilates
57. Cotton cloth
58. Civilian furlough
59. Suppose
60. Metal
61. Old French unit of money
62. Bodily organ
63. Feminine GI
64. To eradicate
65. To form alignment in ranks
66. "The better ——"
67. Spanish Mr.

DOWN

1. British trolley cars
2. Electrical device
3. Declares
4. Cleanness
5. Sofas
6. Musical instruments
7. "At ——!"
8. American humorist
9. One who cleans kilns of scars
10. To sail a ship
11. Positive terminal
12. Birds
13. Unmounted
21. Mohammedan priest
22. Liquor counter
24. Lemur
26. County in Ireland
27. To regret
28. Part of a curve
29. Chum
31. Freedom from war
33. Haunch
34. Native metal
35. Snare
37. GI Johns
39. Bracer
42. Flight-marking bullets
44. Town in Arizona
47. Past
49. To withdraw
50. To berate
51. South American animal
52. Drab Army color
53. Shindig
54. Hebrew month
55. Trunk
56. To scoff
58. Small bottle
60. Number



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PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

A TIME WILL COME

Shadowed though these years may seem,
Blighted though these days appear,
Time will come when we shall dream
Of the joys of yesteryear.

In that time, yesteryear will be
The one we gripe about today;
For we shall look behind and see
A highly polished far-away.

A yawling baby on our knee
And two or three upon the floor
Will make us think how quietly
Buddies came through the barracks door.

Our relatives who read the news
Before they flush the thing they sit on
Will give us all the deep-sea blues
And make us curse the luck we've hit on.

When told that mother-in-law of course is
Installed at home and means to stay,
We'll dream about the unharmed forces
That we were part of—oh, bright day!

And when the Ides of March come round
And income taxes must be paid,
We'll envy lucky men who found
Homes in the Army, men who stayed.

Oh, these and many other trifles
That will plague us when we're free
May make us dream of using rifles
To shoot some folks with—two or three.

Alexandria AAF, La. —S/Sgt. RUSSELL SPEIRS

BASIC TRAINING, WAC

In Georgia there are clouds and trees
And clay, of course, and birds and bees.
We sit indoors while people talk
Or else we walk:
March out of doors, with stern resolve,
Strong faith and sober feeling,
Horizon limited and a strictly zero ceiling.

Hair on woman's neck
Above the collar, very neat:
Hat set square; beyond, more heads,
More hats and nice big serviceable feet.

Eyes front. Eyes right.
We march. Now watch it there and keep that beat!
Above us drift the clouds so white,
Rolling with laughter down the round sky.
Above us sleep the giant pines
Marking time till we have passed,
Taking with us our noise,
Our regulation tears and joys, our massed
And patterned, quite GI
Insanity.

Swannanoa, N. C. —Pfc. GLORIA MARCHISIO

Public Relations

ONCE upon a time there was a pfc from Columbia University who turned his back on a good, reliable Supply and Maintenance job to take a position in Public Relations. He was assigned to a handsome desk in an expensive private office. In the desk drawers were boxes of new rubber bands, cups of paper clips, trays of freshly sharpened pencils, stacks of bond, onionskin and carbon paper. On the desk was a tooled-leather plaque with his name engraved on it. At his left was a soundless typewriter.

"All you have to do is write features about the Army life," said the boss.

The pfc almost cried, he was so happy. He went right to a USO center, where he observed, took notes and hurried back to his desk to write:

"Gaiety prevailed at the 12th Street USO today when pin-pong tournaments were staged between sailors and soldiers with free cokes for prizes."

At this point a shadow fell over his shoulder, and the boss said: "That won't do. We can't have people thinking our armed forces play ping-pong all day. Besides, it isn't a good thing to mention a tournament between various branches of the service. And don't mention cokes. They're sometimes mixed with rum."

Eager to please, the pfc hurried to a nearby service club, observed and again returned to his desk. This time he wrote:

"Commanding prime interest at the Ryan Street Service Center is the handsomest array of news maps and shelves of books which explain the issues at hand——"

He became aware of the Shadow again. "I wouldn't use the word 'prime,'" said the boss. "It's apt to make people think of prime roast beef, and we can't have that. Omit the name of the street. It sounds too much like Rhine. And do you think it wise to refer to a handsome array of maps? After all, there's a paper-conservation program."

Twitching nervously with ambition and eagerness, the pfc charged into the street again, saw a small parade of recruits heading for the terminal and induction. At the tag end of the line sauntered a hatless youth who was smiling as though inspired. The pfc felt he had the perfect story: recruits marching, inspired, to join the khaki parade. He snapped the happy chap's picture, got a running interview and ran back to his desk to write:

"At the rear end of a parade of recruits today marched a smiling boy named——"

Again the Shadow. "Smiling?" said the boss. "Don't you know it's not military to smile when you march? You can't have a parade of laughing soldiers. And cut out that 'rear end.' What do you mean by using it in the first place? We can't have vulgarity in the copy."

The next day the pfc got assigned to Supply and Maintenance as assistant to an aged paint-mixer who had been an egg-candler in civilian life. He just mixed OD paint all day and was happy ever after.

Perry AAF, Fla. —T/Sgt. JACK WARFEL

SPRING DAY

Heaven and earth are mating in
An endless blue delight.
Oh, I am young and will not know
This day of man's grim plight!

The virgin grass is wooing me,
The air demands my heart.
Oh, shut out all life's cares; today
I am a dream apart!

Fletcher General Hospital, Ohio —T-4 JOSEPHINE PAGLIAI

MALARIA

I dream of shadows,
Sweet and mysterious.
Of darkling shapes in
Revelry delirious.

In this continuous night
Of coarse desire,
Only you can keep me
From the fire.

Lincoln AAF, Nebr. —Pfc. SAMUEL NAPARSTEK

GRIPE

The chicken roast is crisp and brown,
The portions large, its fragrance balmy:
The guy before me gets the last—
And I get franks and cold salami.

Kirtland Field, N. Mex. —S/Sgt. MORTON BROOKS

Drink Messhall Coffee

"Made from the Spleen of the Bean"

GOING SOMEWHERE?

Then you'll need a set of our handsomely designed GI LUGGAGE, styled in the essence of simplicity. No buckles, straps or handles to become lost or broken.

It's roomy enough to hold more than you can carry, but you'll carry it anyhow, bub.

Illustrated here is the new BAK-BREAKER set, which comes beautifully embossed with your complete nomenclature at no additional cost.

It's Fun to Rummage In GI LUGGAGE!

Why work at your wash? Simply drop a cake of GI SOAP into a bucket of clothes and water, pull up a ringside seat and watch the battle.

GI's aggressive suds remove all dirt, grease, grime, color, buttons, fingernails, epidermis and hands.

For clothes without hope, use

GI SOAP

It's Pugnacious!

—O/C Charles R. Luchsinger, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.

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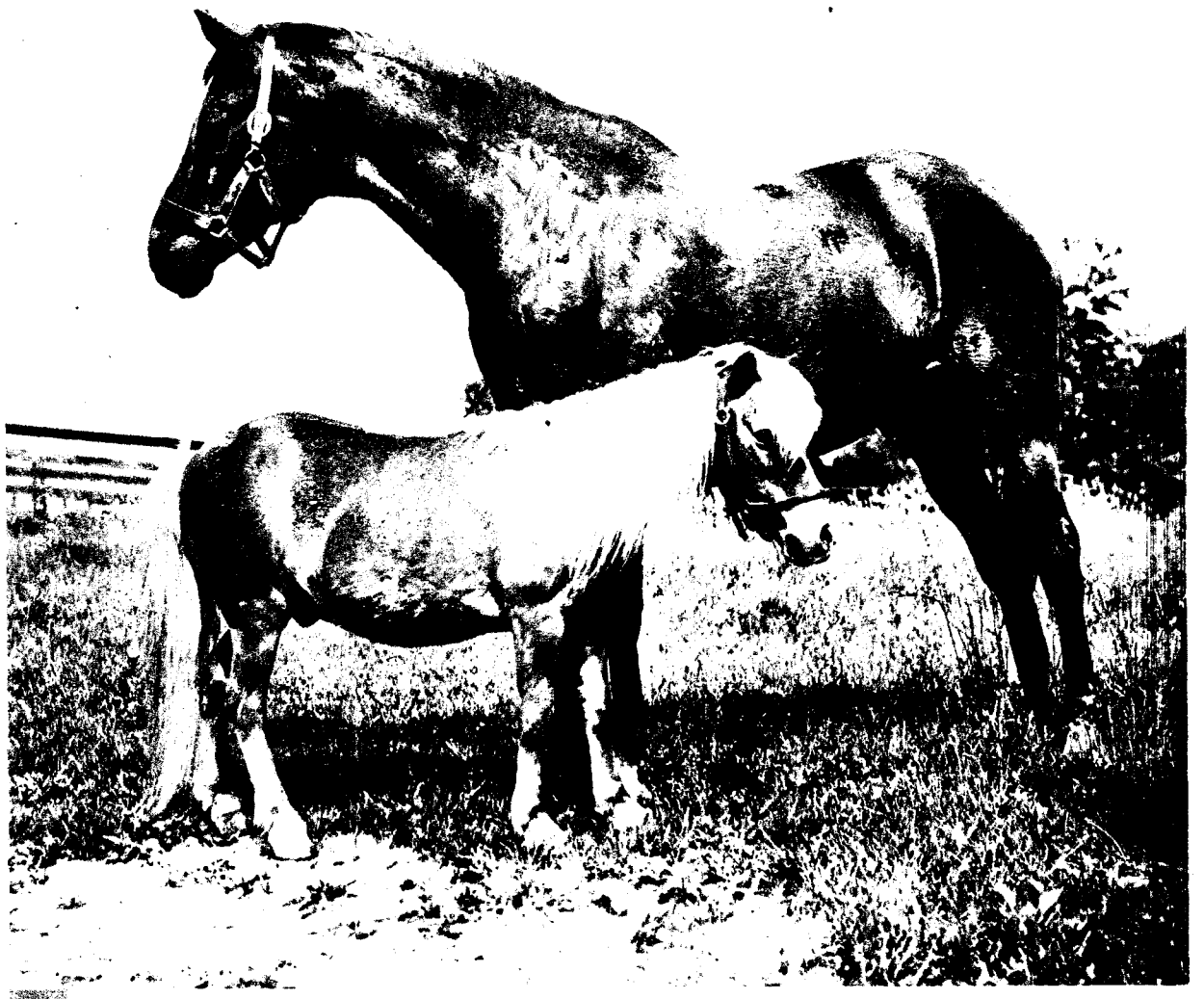

Exterminator, aged 27 and now in retirement, is shown with Peanuts, his Shetland-pony mascot.

Favorite Derby Horses

COL. MAT WINN SAYS EXTERMINATOR WAS THE BEST OF ALL TIME.

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

IN pre-war days this was the time of year to be in Louisville, Ky. Mint juleps sold for a buck a throw and a hotel room the size of a foot locker cost $12 a day, but everybody who made the trip seemed to think it was worth it just to see and be seen at the Kentucky Derby. With all the tracks closed until after VE-Day, the best that racing fans could do this spring was to curl up in the sack with a copy of "Down the Stretch, the Story of Col. Matt J. Winn," as told to Frank J. Menke (Smith & Durrell, $3.50) and read about the Derbies of the past.

The book sparkles with anecdotes about great Derby winners. Only toward the end, on the pages of names of sportswriters and famous personages who have attended the Derby, does it bog down. But even at that it is the kind of a book that the Council on Books in Wartime would do well to convert into an overseas pocket edition for racing fans in uniform to read while sweating out a chow line.

Col. Winn has seen every running of the Derby since "the little red horse," Aristides, won the inaugural with a length to spare in 1875. He's had a financial interest in Churchill Downs, and the Derby, since Judge Himes beat Early by three-quarters of a length in 1902 and he's been general manager since Elwood whipped Ed Tierney by a half a length in 1904.

"Many guesses have been made as to the exact spot I occupied when I saw the inaugural running in 1875," the 83-year-old colonel told Menke. "I saw it from a standing up position on the seat of my father's wagon, anchored in the infield, which was the free gate area, meaning that if you didn't wish to pay a fee to get into the grandstand section, you could walk, or drive, through a special gate to the infield—without charge."

Col. Winn talks about racing in Chicago, St. Louis, New York, New Orleans, Baltimore, Lexington and Louisville in this country, and Juarez and Mexico City in Mexico, having promoted the sport in all those spots at one time or another. In his own mellow, tolerant manner he recalls his fights with politicians, the Western Turf Association and even The Jockey Club itself, before he established the Derby as this country's turf classic and himself as the No. 1 track executive.

During his time the colonel has seen most of the good horses who have raced, including Man o' War, but Man o' War is not the horse who won his complete admiration. "Exterminator was the greatest all-round American thoroughbred I saw," says Winn. "I choose Exterminator because when greatness is reckoned the factors entering into it are speed, courage, stamina, intelligence, and perhaps more important, durability.

"Exterminator was not much at 2 because he couldn't hit his best stride in sprints. He proceeded to come into his own at 3. He raced until he was 9 and won three races in seven starts that year.

"He won at distances from five furlongs up to two and a quarter miles; he won over almost every standard route between the two. He won in thick mud, and the greasy slop, and he won on the dry. He had a more numerous array of trainers than almost any great horse of any era, because W. S. Kilmer, his owner, was constantly dissatisfied and thus constantly hiring and firing. Each trainer used his own copyrighted training methods—and some were not too good. But Exterminator won regardless.

"Exterminator won 50 races in 100 starts, was second 17 times and third on 17 other occasions. His lifetime earnings were $252,296. His one misfortune was that he was foaled too soon. If he had come to the races in years like these, with all the modern pots of gold dangling in front of him, his victories, repeated, would have made him winner of $750,000—perhaps more.

"Stories have been printed that I influenced Willis Sharpe Kilmer to buy Exterminator, but the real situation is this:

"In 1917, Kilmer had campaigned an English-bred colt which he renamed Sun Briar. As a 2-year-old Sun Briar compiled a grand record and came up at 3, in 1918, as the winter-book favorite for the Kentucky Derby. In due time, Kilmer ordered Sun Briar to be shipped to Churchill Downs, where he arrived in charge of Henry McDaniel, trainer of the Kilmer horses.

"Sun Briar didn't show up well in his early training. McDaniel wrote to Kilmer and said he needed a horse to work with Sun Briar. Kilmer authorized McDaniel to buy a work horse, 'if the price is right,' and Henry committed Kilmer to paying Cal Milam $12,000 for Exterminator.

"Some days before the Derby, McDaniel sent out Sun Briar for a final route sharpener, together with Exterminator, to learn the truth about Kilmer's prize racer. I saw him work, which was on a heavy track. Obviously, something was wrong with Sun Briar, and after the trial Kilmer declared Sun Briar out of the Derby—the most disappointed man in Kentucky.

"Later that day I offered Kilmer my sympathies, and then asked:

" 'Who was that horse you had working with Sun Briar?' because I could not identify him.

"Kilmer, always a short-tempered man, and now bitter over the fate of Sun Briar, snapped at me: 'A truck horse named Exterminator that Henry McDaniel bought and got me hooked for $12,000.'

" 'I was watching him rather closely,' I told Kilmer. 'He ran very well. If the boy hadn't been checking him down when he tried to run past Sun Briar——'

"Kilmer broke in: 'That horse isn't fast enough to run past me,' and with that he walked away.

"In the evening I encountered Kilmer again, and he was cussing his luck.

" 'I wanted to see my colors in the Derby, and then this had to happen,' he moaned.

" 'Why don't you start Exterminator?' I asked.

"Kilmer glared. 'He's no race horse—regardless of what you think,' and again he walked off.

"About two hours later Kilmer telephoned.

" 'You still think Exterminator is a Derby horse?' he asked.

" 'Yes.'

" 'If he were your horse, would you start him in the Derby?'

" 'I certainly would.'

"There was a few seconds silence. Then came Kilmer's voice:

" 'All right; he starts.'

"Exterminator lay back off the pace, on the muddy track of Derby Day 1918, until nearing the stretch turn, then he opened up and won easily. The pay-off across the board for $2 tickets was $61.20, $23.10, and $12.40, proving that the majority of the players shared Kilmer's idea that Exterminator wasn't much of a race horse."

ONLY once during his long connection with racing has Col. Winn ever doubted his choice of a career. That was back in 1910 and 1911 when the Hearst papers, led by Arthur Brisbane, were crusading against racing and tarring all track executives with the same charge of corruption. Being a devout Catholic, Col. Winn consulted the late Cardinal Logue, then one of the ranking prelates in this country.

"Son," said Cardinal Logue, "if you don't do anything worse than bet on horses, or operate a race track where others bet on horses, you won't have any trouble getting to heaven."

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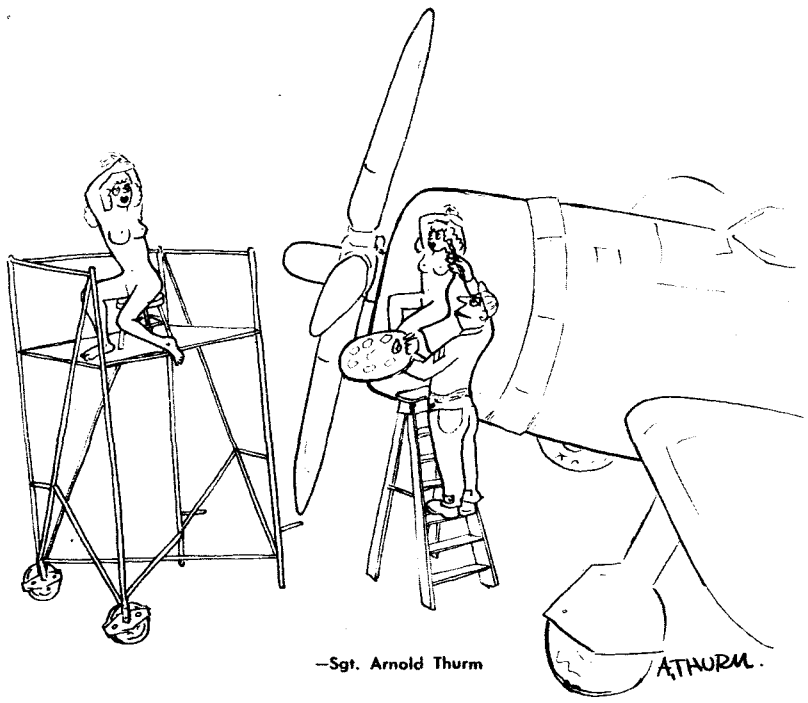

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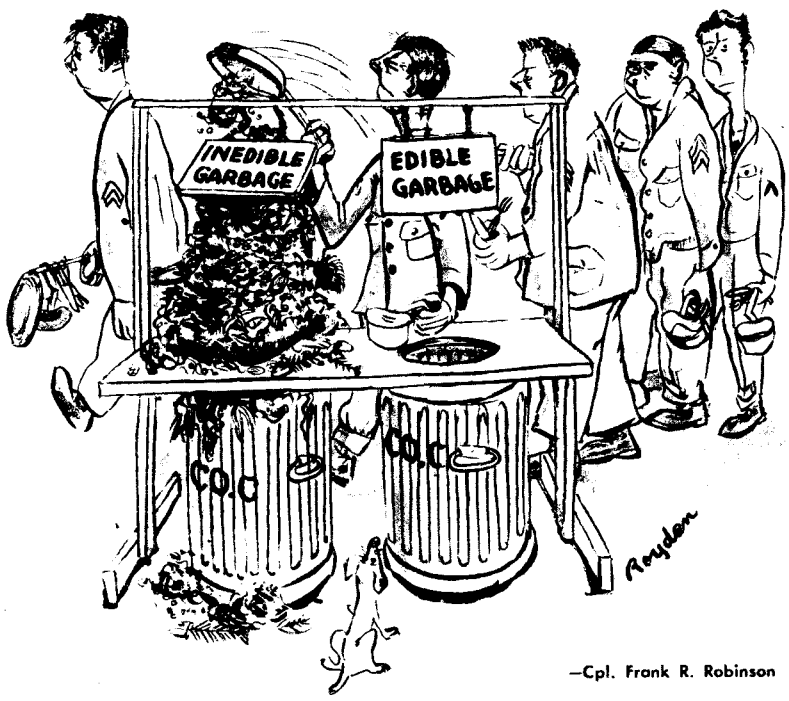

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